

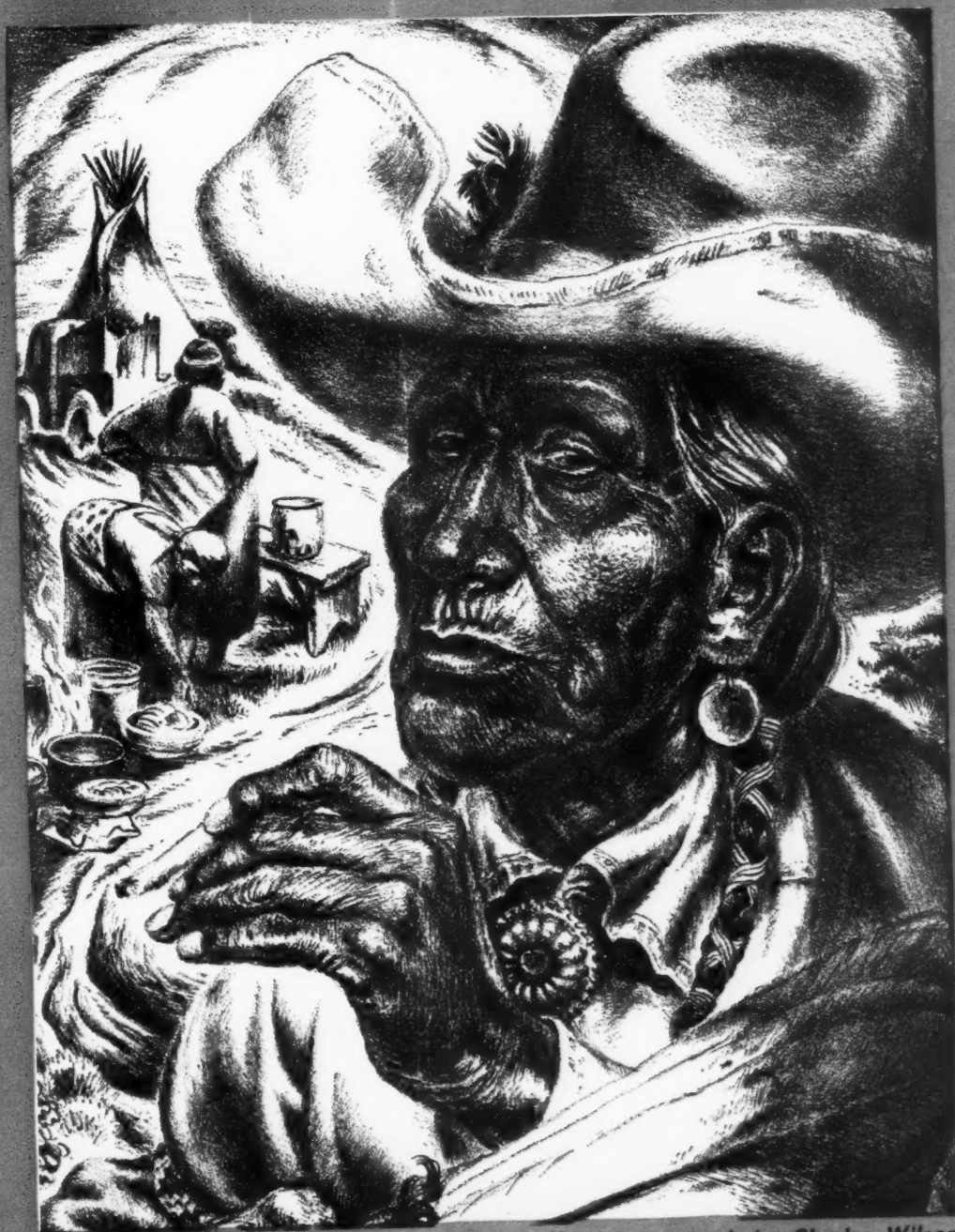
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JAN 1949

Cavalcade

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



OLD INJUN A Lithograph by Charles Wilson

JANUARY, 1949 • VOLUME 1 • NUMBER 4

LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine for High School English Classes Published Monthly During the School Year. One of the SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES.

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OUR FRONT COVER



Charles Wilson, the artist who drew our cover, was born in 1918 in Miami, Oklahoma, where he still lives. He is a full-blooded Kiowa Indian. His wife, too, is Indian, but she is of the Quapaw tribe, which has its reservation just outside Miami. In the Indian

language, Wilson is known as *Tsungani*, which simply translated means "excels all others." While still in his teens, Wilson went to study at the Chicago Art Institute. Since that time, inspired by the traditions of his people, he has done about 175 oil and water color paintings of various tribal representatives and ceremonies, in addition to his drawings. Many of them are in permanent museum collections. The lithograph reproduced on our cover through the courtesy of Associated American Artists is an excellent example of his style. Wilson has caught the spirit of his people and he interprets it with the rare insight of the artist.

LITERARY *Cavalcade*

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YOU'RE sure of yourself when you walk into the studio because you've been in radio for ten years, and another half-hour dramatic show is just another half-hour dramatic show.

The director greets you, "Hello, kid. Glad to have you with us." Even though you've never met him before, he is familiar because he is a director who specializes in being a nice guy.

The other actors say hello to you and you say hello back. You take a script from the pile on the table.

"You're playing Cory," the director tells you.

When the actors finish marking their parts so they can see quickly which lines are theirs, the director lays his stop watch on the table.

"Let's try it for size," he says. That makes you feel even more at home because all radio directors say something determinedly casual before a table reading.

The part you are playing is named Cory, but you have played this part hundreds of times before on other shows when it's been called David, Jack, Hugh, Danny, etc.

Like all first readings, it's a stumbling affair; like all directors, he smiles at the end.

"Good, good," the director says.

It Isn't Just Saying

"NO"

By John Jefferson



Illustration by Katherine Churchill Tracy

"What the word means is you're telling this girl you want no part of her."

As he's picking up his stop watch and his script to go to the control room for the first microphone run-through, he turns to you: "You're on the right track, baby. That was fine. There's just one little thing, though—"

You nod slowly to indicate the spirit of cooperation.

"It's page—ah—" He fingers through his script and stops suddenly. "Page seven!"

"Seven," you repeat, briskly shuffling your pages.

"Center of the page. Where she says, 'Will you have a cigarette?' and you say, 'No.' Find it?"

"I've got it."

"It was the first time you've read through the show and I didn't want to stop you." He pauses to smile encouragingly at you, and you smile back. "Now, it's a little more than just turning down a cigarette. After all, you've walked five miles across those fields to get to her house. Sure, you'd like a smoke. So you're not really saying, 'No,' to that cigarette. Actually, what the word means is that you're telling this girl that you don't want any part of her, or her rich parents, or this ornate mansion she lives in. See what I mean?"

You nod in a businesslike way; you murmur, "I understand."

"Good, good," he says. He grins. "We've got to bring out the values on this show. That goes for everybody."

Everybody says something cooperative, and the director heads for the control room.

Once on mike, you feel easy. There are no interruptions until the girl reads her line, "Will you have a cigarette?" and you say, "No."

"Look, kid," the director's voice booms through the talk-back from the control room. "I don't want you to think I'm picking on you, but you still haven't got it. Don't be belligerent about it when you turn down the cigarette. Maybe it's my fault, baby. Maybe I threw you a curve at the table."

You murmur that it's all right and he didn't throw you a curve.

"Don't get mad at her. After all, you're the lead and we've got to like you. The way you said, 'No,' that time, I thought you were going to slap her in the teeth."

He smiles at you, and you murmur, "I see."

"Now try it again. And don't forget that you've thought this all out. You're pensive. I threw you a curve at the table. It's my fault. Okay. Let's go back."

The girl says, "Will you have a cigarette?" and you say, "No."

From the talk-back in the control room: "Hold it. Look, kid, don't play under. You sounded indifferent. You sounded as if you didn't care about anything."

The director grins; you grin back.

"This means a lot to you, turning down the plush setup that a marriage to this girl will give you. You're thoughtful, all right; that's fine. But don't lose the overtones. This wasn't an easy decision to reach. But you're an idealist, and you've made up your mind. You're not just turning down a cigarette, kid. Let's try it again."

The girl repeats her line and you say, "No," again.

"Nnnnnnot quite," the director drawls. "Almost. That was almost it, kid. But now you're getting a touch of sadness into it. You sound just a little sorry for yourself. That's a basic 'don't' in acting. Quickest way in the world to lose the sympathy of an audience is to have sympathy for yourself." He winks at you. "You're the least of my worries on this show, though. You'll get it. We won't bother going over it again. We'll start from after Cory's refusal of the cigarette. Okay. Let's go."

Time passes swiftly, and there is practically no direction given during the rest of the run-throughs.

"Okay, kids," the director says, "let's dress it."

After the dress rehearsal, the director comes out of the control room.

"That was fine. We're going to have a good show," he says. "You were all so good, I can give you a thirty-minute break. Please be in the studio fifteen minutes before air time. Please!"

You start to leave, when the director takes your arm and leads you into a corner.

"About that place where the girl asks you if you'll have a cigarette and you say, 'No.' Remember it?"

You nod to show that you remember it.

"Well, the way you did it on the dress rehearsal!"—He pauses—"was perfect!" He's smiling broadly. "It was

About the author . . .

John Jefferson was born in 1916 in Chicago. He has worked at everything from reporting for a movie trade paper to being a toy demonstrator and acting in the theatre and on the radio. After picking up five campaign stars during the war he returned to radio acting to keep out of toy stores and in typewriter ribbons.

perfect, kid. Keep it just that way on the show!" He slaps you on the back and leaves.

At first, you're delighted. Then you think: What way? How did I say, "No," on the dress rehearsal? What did I—

You stay behind, and when you're alone, you start trying to figure out what you did on the dress rehearsal. You try to hear the lines in your mind to remember how the girl read her line because that will affect the way you say, "No." After a while, you begin to walk up and down the studio reading the lines aloud; you keep offering yourself a cigarette and saying, "No."

When the cast and the director return, you have to stop because it might look funny.

"Watch it!" the announcer says. "Thirty seconds."

From the control room, the director smiles out at everybody. There is the usual needless clearing of throats. You go into a corner and hold your breath as long as you can because your heart is beginning to pound.

Now the show is on the air! You pick up your script from the table. Your hand is shaking. This puzzles you because you haven't had the shakes in years. You let your hand drop by your side so no one will notice. Your knees



start to jiggle. You walk up and down, but the jiggle stays.

It's coming close to your first scene. There's a short scene with the girl before you enter her living room to turn down the cigarette. You approach the microphone. All you keep thinking is how you're going to say, "No."

You look into the control room, waiting for your cue. The director beams at you and nods brightly. You know what that means: He's saying that he knows you'll get the "No" right and that he's got faith in you.

The cue comes. You're tense now; you promptly fluff your first line. You don't care. You're waiting to get that "No" right. That's all that counts—

It's coming up now. Very close. You're just a few lines from the girl's "Will you have a cigarette?"

"Yes, thanks."

There follows the longest pause in radio.

Now you realize what the expression means: "I wish I were dead." But you don't dare die; you don't dare do anything but keep reading your lines. . . .

Just to let everybody know that you're easy about things, you wait until the show is off the air before you hurry to leave the studio.

You haven't hurried fast enough. The control-room door swings open and the director comes tearing out. He grabs you by the shoulder.

"Listen, kid," he says, and you can't remember when you've heard anyone sound so excited, "that switch of yours was for the record book."

All you can do is stand there and try not to have any expression on your face.

"That 'Yes, thanks' struck the keynote. The whole show came to life right then and there. When you accepted that cigarette, you were the most reluctant guy in the world. You may have gone through the motions of saying, 'Yes,' but every listener knew you hated doing it. It was in your voice. That set your character, baby. You played against the lines, and that's fine radio. Why, it was better than the dress rehearsal!"

When he laughs happily, you laugh a little, too.

"Now you've found out why I work on details. Now you've found out why I like to bring out the values in a line. Words don't count, kid. It's the little old values every time."

He slaps you on the back. Then he congratulates the other actors.

And you know that you'll never be quite sure of yourself again.

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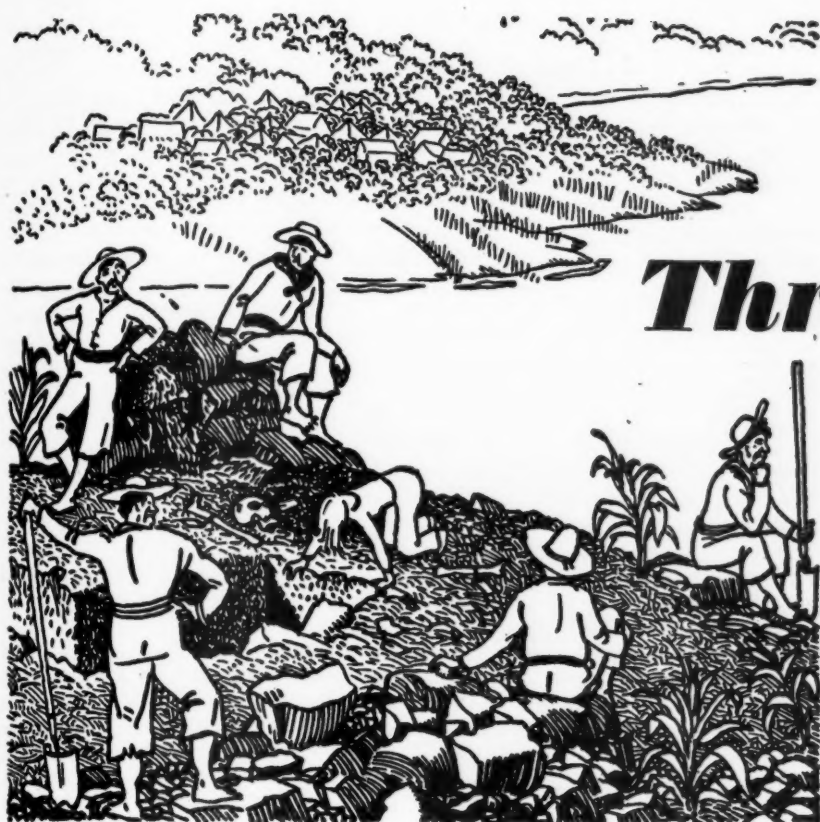


Illustration by John O'Hara Cosgrave II

Throw Me a Bone

By Eleanor Lothrop

What happens when you marry an archaeologist

WHEN I broke the news to my family that Sam and I were going away again—this time to Guatemala—they sighed deeply and said, "Well, anyhow, it's not as far as Chile." That was true enough, but where we eventually landed, in an Indian village on the shores of Lake Atitlan, was more or less the end of the world. At least it seemed so.

The reason for living in Atitlan, of course, was to be near Chuitinamit, the site which Sam planned to excavate. It should have been easy to get started. The usual technique is to (1) pick your site, (2) get permission to dig, (3) engage workmen, (4) get yourself and said workmen to the site, (5) make some holes in the ground and (6) pray that you will find something.

This sounds simple, and up to the point where you find something (or don't) it usually is. But in our case, the only part of the program that was simple was picking out the site, and this

had been done five years earlier. We had permission to dig, it is true, but between a contract signed in the capital and enforcing that contract in an Indian town many miles away there is a big difference.

We had gone to see the Minister of Education in Guatemala City for our permission. We had played the HOW game with him. In Latin America it is considered good form to disguise or at least sugar-coat all business dealings. This is done by obscuring the issue with polite chitchat in order to see how long you can take before coming to the point. Hence the HOW game.

The Minister of Education played so well that Sam and I were almost white-washed. He started in as we were shaking hands. "HOW are you Senora? HOW are you Senor?" "HOW are you Mr. Min—" we managed to get out just in time before he countered with "HOW is your mother? HOW is your father?" (As these questions were addressed to each of us separately, he scored four points.)

"HOW are your children?" he interrupted (a question which in my opinion

should have penalized him), but noting my expression he quickly corrected himself. "Ah, that's right. No children. Too bad, too bad." The way he said this made us feel so guilty that we lost our turn and the Minister got back into his stride with "HOW was your trip down? HOW do you like Guatemala? HOW long do you expect to stay?"

Three times Sam tried to break in with "HOW can I get permission to dig, Mr. Min—" but the Minister paid no attention, and it was only after he had won the game by a score of eighteen to two with a final "HOW can I be of service to you?" that Sam got his chance.

Once the game was over, there were no difficulties. The Minister agreed it would be a good idea to explore the buried treasure of the Mayas (especially as by law anything we found would be kept by the Guatemalan government), and he scrawled a few lines to the political chief of the department in which Atitlan was situated, saying in effect, "help Lothrop."

The political chief's headquarters were in Solola, a town some twenty miles from Atitlan. We called on him three days later and it was a repetition of our call on the Minister. We again played the HOW game. He, too, gave Sam a "help Lothrop" letter, this one addressed to the Alcalde or Mayor of the town of Atitlan.

The Mayor was apparently not the type who cared for games. "What do you want?" he grunted as soon as he

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saw us, and without waiting for an answer he called in his assistant, Mayor No. 2, who was an Indian and who eyed us with more distaste, if possible, than had Mayor No. 1. So without preliminaries Sam handed over the latest "help Lothrop" letter, which was digested in silence. The Mayor, it seemed, was not anxious to help Lothrop. Neither was Mayor No. 2.

It was grudgingly conceded that we might dig—"as long as the political chief says so, although what you'll find besides weeds I can't imagine," stated Mayor No. 1, in a way that made it clear he hoped the weeds would choke us.

"The first round is ours," whispered Sam, and he quickly sealed his victory by requesting an interpreter and eight workmen, the latter to be paid the unprecedented sum of twenty cents a day.

But when we returned to the town hall to interview our prospective helpers, we found just one—a puny little guy named Nicolas. Nicolas, it turned out, was the interpreter.

The Indians were not anxious to work for Sam, even at increased pay. "What can I do?" asked the Mayor, smiling happily. "Everyone is busy. You had better go back where you came from."

I was beginning to agree with him, but Sam's face took on that "archaeology here I come" look. "If you can give me no assistance," he threatened, "I shall have to get in touch with the political chief."

"Come back tomorrow," said No. 1 quickly.

AFTER two weeks we collected a group of eight workmen. I don't know where Nos. 1 and 2 had discovered them for in no way did they resemble the good-looking if unfriendly Indians around Atitlan. These men were villainous; next to them the average run of American gangsters would have looked like choir singers.

The foreman was named Fernando. He was surly and insolent, and his right eye drooped in frightening fashion. I called him Dillinger. The other men were uniformly evil-looking, except for one rather effeminate creature of the type of Pretty Boy Floyd. But gangsters or not, they were able-bodied men.

Chuitinamit is the Indian name for the steep and rocky hill projecting from the flank of the volcano San Pedro. On this hilltop fortress, surrounded on three sides by the waters of Lake Atitlan, are the remains of the ancient capital of the Zutugil and the residence of their kings.

Chuitinamit now is a jumbled mass

of lava blocks whose shape defies description. And in the center of this hunky blob stand the remains of the ancient citadel—all that is left of the former grandeur of kings.

Outside the ruins, wherever rocks permit, the ground is under cultivation. Corn, peas, peppers and beans crop up between rocky boulders. The Indians certainly made the most of very little. If they had ever been let loose in the rolling fields of a state like Kansas they would undoubtedly have gone crazy.

IT was in this ground that Sam wanted to dig, for, where the rocks weren't, the buried Indians presumably were. Unfortunately that was also where the corn grew. This made for complications.

Few of the landowners were enthusiastic about having their vegetables dug up, even when paid three times their value. As a rule each little plot belonged to a different person—sometimes four or five stalks of corn constituted an entire holding. Thus if we found a skeleton in the plot of willing landowner Jones, the skeleton's feet might be under the sod of unwilling landowner Smith.

Our first job was to study the ruins. "I'll make a map," said Sam. "That, plus photographs, should give a good idea of the layout."

So while I held one end of a long tape measure and Dillinger unwillingly held the other end, Sam ran around with a surveying instrument. Dillinger had a nasty habit of jerking his end of the tape whenever I took my eye off him, which was apt to throw me off my feet and make the measurements inaccurate. Each time this happened we would have to start over again.

"Keep your eye on him," shouted Sam, "or we'll be here forever." But he exaggerated. We hadn't been there two days before a couple of little brown men appeared out of nowhere and murmured something which I took to be Zutugil for "Good day."

"Good day to you," I said pleasantly.

"They say get off their land," stated Nicolas, barely suppressing a grin.

"But why?" asked Sam. "We're doing no damage and, if necessary, I'll pay them."

More grunts and mutters.

"They say," Nicolas repeated, this time grinning widely, "Get off their land and quick." We got.

Digging had its problems too. All digs (where archaeologists are involved) are scientific in purpose, but this was a superscientific one. "It's depth I'm looking for," said Sam. "Depth will tell the story."

The workmen didn't subscribe to this theory. "Blah blah blah," said Pretty Boy Floyd.

"What did he say, Nicolas?"

"That he thinks you're both crazy to waste your time and his."

"Blah blah blah," said Two-gun Mahoney, kicking at the earth with his bare toes.

"Nicolas?"

"He says he's sure those bones he's just found will bring you bad luck."

"Tell him to leave **THOSE BONES** alone," shouted Sam.

Just then the landowner appeared, irately pointing to one sickly, uprooted stalk of corn ("my vegetable garden!" he protested), and ordered us to move on. "Blah blah blah" and "ha ha ha" from all the workmen this time. We didn't bother to ask Nicolas to translate.

Ridge by ridge we worked our way up the hill. Sometimes we found nothing, sometimes bits of skeletons, pottery or stone. Frequently we were ordered to move on. When this happened, the workmen looked cheerful and joked together; otherwise they were surly and bored. All in all, we managed to extract from the unwilling earth one obsidian lance point, some squared stones, one stone axblade, one stone chair, a piece of an incense burner, one globular jar, the bones of three humans. Surely a discouraging lot of junk (thought I) and hardly worth daily exposure to Dillinger & Co.

Dillinger himself was becoming constantly more menacing. He had apparently singled me out as his particular victim. Unfortunately he gave me no outright cause for complaint. After all, you can't chastise a man for spitting in your direction so expertly that he manages to miss your big toe by one-eighth of an inch.

IF I could have spoken to Dillinger directly, without an interpreter, I would have thrown myself on his mercy. "Dear Dillinger," I would have said, "my husband has the mistaken idea he wants to work here. You and I, dear Dillinger, realize how silly this is. But if you'll only humor him and do us no bodily harm, I'll try to get him to leave as soon as possible."

However, when we reached the summit things looked brighter. The landowners were apparently willing (for a consideration) to let us dig. Endless possibilities stretched ahead.

Graves turned up right from the start—so many and so varied that Sam plunged enthusiastically into a study of the burial habits of the Zutugil. "Bones, bones, nothing but bones," I complained ungratefully. Until we discovered a

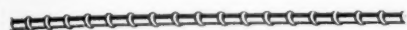
grave full of decapitated skeletons. More bones, it is true, but these were intriguing and puzzling. Like a detective story. "The Case of the Headless Bodies," I called it.

Sam surveyed them carefully and pronounced them to be the headless bodies of eight individuals and bodiless head of one, minus its jaw. "Curious," was his only comment.

After frenzied digging, the missing parts turned up—in a corner of the grave, several feet lower down. Sam became wildly scientific, but his deductions unfortunately were negative.

"Sam, you're telling me what didn't happen. I'm dying of curiosity about what did, particularly how the lady lost her jaw."

"I'll examine the grave again," said Sam agreeably, and see if I can come



About the author . . .

● Eleanor Lothrop's honeymoon cruise was spent on a Chilean cattle boat. From Lake Atitlan in Guatemala to the shores of southern Chile, she found excitement and hilarious adventure mixed liberally with discomfort and DDT. Her husband, Samuel Lothrop, is a curator of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University. They are now off to Costa Rica on a hunt for more dead Indians.



across more evidence. Maybe when we take up the pots and stone objects we'll find something significant underneath." But we never had much chance to see what was underneath.

I wouldn't have believed that anything more in the way of obstructions could have come our way. Even the vegetables were against us. An ear of corn that was a fledgling one day would spring into full flower the next if it happened to be in ground we wished to explore. (This, in fact, had happened so often that I suspected Dillinger & Co. of carrying around vegetable crops to drop on promising archaeological earth.) But there was one more disaster awaiting us. A snake!

We had gone to Chuitinamit as usual. As we reached the summit and prepared to walk the half mile further to our excavations, we stopped a moment to admire the ruins. Pretty Boy Floyd, who was idly whacking at the ground with his machete, suddenly gave a cry. Strange sounds emerged from his mouth, like a death rattle. Grabbing Nicolas, who was about to run the other way, Sam and I rushed to see what was wrong. And there,

peering out from under a rock while Pretty Boy cowered nearby, was a small but deadly fer-de-lance.

"Did it bite him?" Sam asked Nicolas, who shook his head. "Well, kill it," said Sam, but no one volunteered, and he was finally forced to kill it himself, while I stood on the sidelines and cheered him on. When he was sure there were no further signs of life, he sighed with relief and we looked around for the workmen. They had gone.

"THE sissies," I exclaimed; "to be scared of a snake."

"I'm afraid that's not all of it," said Sam. "To them the snake is holy. It is the principal religious symbol throughout Central America and represents a god. And, unfortunately, this particular snake appeared at the foot of the main temple—to defend it, they probably argue. The Indians are undoubtedly convinced that it is a sign we have no right to be here. We'd better go home and hope they will be over it by tomorrow."

The next day not one workman—not even Nicolas—turned up. They were sick, we were told.

"My headless bodies," I mourned. "My jawless head. Now I'll never know."

"Never mind, comforted Sam. "We'll finish them up alone. After all, there is no more heavy work to be done."

But we had hardly taken the possessions of the family Headless out of the ground before the landowner appeared, flanked by an army of cohorts. His eyes glistened. He yelled. We didn't need Nicolas to tell us that what he was yelling was the equivalent of "scat." "The word must have got round," said Sam. "We might as well give up and take our trophies home."

"Poor Sam," I said sympathetically as we climbed down the hill. "All this for nothing."

"Nothing!" exclaimed Sam. He looked ready to explode. "NOTHING! Why, this has been an immensely important dig. I found just what I wanted."

"You mean those few old pots and stones?"

He gave me a pitying look. "It isn't what I found. It's what it means."

"Of course," I said quickly. "And what does it mean?"

"It means that I now have a good idea of the types of civilization which existed here and how far back they go."

"How did you dope that out?" I was genuinely impressed.

Sam warmed to my admiration. "I don't know if I can explain it to you," he said, explaining it to me. "What we

found in the very top graves was material from just before the Spanish conquest. And what we found in the graves underneath are obviously earlier cultures. As a matter of fact, you can date the very bottom ones back nearly fifteen hundred years before the conquest."

"How?"

"Remember the sherds we sorted?"

I nodded. A sherd is the name given by the archaeologically initiated to bits or fragments of pottery. We had dug up thousands at Chuitinamit, all colors and shapes, few of them fitting together. Thus when Sam had ordered them stuffed into bags and transported to our back yard, turning it into an ancient garbage dump, I was surprised as well as unenthusiastic. "But why?" I'd asked. "I don't believe any of these fit. I'll bet you don't get as much as one complete pot out of them."

"That's not the point," Sam had said. "We are going to sort them."

It had sounded like the dulllest kind of game, but I'd played it anyhow. We had made eight piles, according to color—brown, orange, red, black, cream, chalk, black on red and a peculiar-looking ware which Sam, for some reason unknown to me at the time, had named Usulután. Now, however, he was letting me in on the secret.

"REMEMBER those Usulután sherds?" he asked. "I gave them that name because they correspond exactly to pottery that comes from the Department of Usulután in Salvador. In fact it's the same ware, and the pieces here, if not trade pieces, are at least of the same age. What's more, it is the earliest painted pottery now known from Central America."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Because various archaeologists, including myself, have found Usulután ware in Salvador buried beneath early Maya remains. And as the Maya remains were dated, we were able to give an approximate date to the graves under them."

"And the graves here?"

"The earliest graves here, as I've explained, must be the same period as the early graves in Salvador. And since the Salvador graves can be dated back about fifteen hundred years before the Conquest, so can these." Having reached his climax, Sam relaxed triumphantly.

"That's terrific," I pronounced.

"Have I made it clear?" asked Sam, obviously pleased.

"Sam," I said weakly but proudly, "I've learned so much that I've got archaeological indigestion. I feel just as if I'd swallowed a Maya."

THE American said, "You wanted to see me, Maestro?" Maestro Arista, seated behind his desk, lifted his head. There was no expression on his long, ugly, leathery face. "Yes," he said at length. "Sit down."

The two regarded each other. "How do you feel?" the Maestro asked.

"All right," the American said.

"You're early," the Maestro said.

"I thought perhaps you might want to see me."

Maestro Arista, fencing-master, sighed and looked around his office. It was a large room, with a high ceiling. Photographs of various champion swordsmen, in positions of attack or defense, covered the painted brick walls. There were several action shots, most of them blurred, which had evidently been taken many years before, during the infancy of photography. One of them showed the Maestro as a young man scoring a point against an opponent, who stood frozen in an awkward position of surprise, looking down at his chest, where the Maestro's saber was bent upward in a high arch. The bronze plate beneath the picture read, "Genoa, 1910. Professional Championships of Italy. Saber. Professor Alcide Arista, First Place." On the opposite wall was an oil painting of a large man with heavy black mustaches ending in sharp points. Underneath was the inscription, "Professor Rodolpho Arista, 1852-1913. The Greatest of Them All." This was the Maestro's father.

"Have you seen the paper?" the Maestro asked. The American nodded. Opening his drawer, Maestro Arista took out the *Corriere*, folded to the sports page. The date-line read, "Bologna, October 10, 1941."

Pointing to the lead article with his gnarled forefinger, the Maestro read, "American confident of victory in Bologna-Ferrara meet." He stopped, and put on a large pair of horn-rimmed glasses, which perched precariously half-way down his nose. "Look at the picture," he said. To the right of the article was a photograph showing the American leaning back comfortably on a chair at a table of a sidewalk cafe. The Maestro pointed under the photograph and read again. "'Who's afraid of Ponti?' asks American."

"I know," said the American. "I saw it."

Pushing his spectacles higher on his nose, Maestro Arista leaned forward and read slowly, emphasizing his words with gestures of his paw:

"The Bologna-Ferrara fencing meet has aroused considerable interest

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ROMAN

By ROBERT LEWIS

*The world had narrowed down
to a tiny murderous point. . . .*

among sports fans, who are aware that the winning team will proceed to Rome to participate in the all-sectional championships, Category 2, for the Mussolini Cup. In preparation for this important contest, Maestro Donati of Ferrara has reorganized his foil team. This unexpected move places Tommaso Ponti, hitherto considered the most powerful fencer of the province, with all due respect to Bologna's Del Vecchio, in the No. 3 position instead of his usual No. 1. Curious to discover the reason for this surprise demotion, our reporter yesterday interviewed Maestro Donati and Ponti at Ferrara, and learned that Ponti is being primed to meet Maestro Arista's new secret weapon, an unknown swordsman whom, it is rumored in the cafes, the Bolognese fencing-master has imported from America for his No. 3 spot.

Maestro Arista said to the American, "This talk of importing is idiotic. As if I would import a fencer from America! Would you come to Italy to find a baseball player? No, the reporter made that up."

Lowering his head again, the Maestro read on:

"In the realization that our fencing public would be interested to know more about this mysterious American

swordsman, our reporter today made private investigations in Bologna and unearthed his whereabouts.

"We found him at a cafe, where he had been drinking heavily."

("I had one vermouth," said the American, "and a cup of coffee.")

"In answer to our question, he asked, 'Ponti? Ponti? Who's Ponti?' We explained that Tommaso Ponti had been for years the undisputed champion of



HOLIDAY

Ferrara and of the — Infantry Division, of which he is a reserve officer, and that it would be his good fortune to cross blades with Ponti during the meet today. Dismissing airily the possibility that Ponti might defeat him in the contest, the American expressed curiosity as to why Ponti was not at — with his division. We hastened to beg him not to discuss military matters in public and expressed surprise that he should pretend to know the location of any of our troops, in view of the splendid solidarity of the Italian people behind the holy war against our perfidious northern neighbor and her even more perfidious ally, Great Britain. At this he smiled mysteriously. The only other statement we could elicit from him was that he is going to write his name on Ponti's overinflated chest."

The Maestro drew back his lips over his teeth and said, "I know you did not say that."

"No," said the American.

"The last paragraph," said the Maestro. He read:

"This formidable swordsman from the other hemisphere is somewhat above middle height and slender. Although he appears to be wiry and quick, the effect of his dissolute life shows on his face. He is on the rash side of thirty. It is our impression that in every respect he compares unfavorably with Ponti, who towers over him physically and morally."

The Maestro tossed the paper aside and deliberately removed his spectacles. He looked tired. "Listen to me,

my son," Maestro Arista said. "How much of this report is true?"

The American said, "Yesterday a reporter who called himself Bianchi introduced himself to me while I was sitting at the cafe. He asked me if I was the American fencer on Maestro Arista's team. When I said yes, a photographer snapped a picture. In answer to the reporter's questions, I said that I was Bologna's No. 3, that I expected to do my best today, and that I hoped to win. The whole thing took three minutes and left me wondering."

"I believe you," the Maestro said. He began to pace slowly up and down. "I believe you," he repeated.

"Yes," the American said. "What's behind all this? Why did he make up that fantastic story?"

"That's not too hard to figure out. Italy is at war. America is not at war, and she is selling war material to our enemies. Americans are not too popular here at the moment. Your consulate refuses any further responsibility for you. You yourself last week—"

"I know," said the American.

"Excuse me," said the Maestro, stopping before the American's chair and putting his hand to his chest in his characteristic gesture, "it's none of my business, but why don't you go home? They must have made it very uncomfortable for you. Why do you stay?"

The American thought, *Perhaps I can explain it to him. He would understand. Or would he? Do I understand why myself? How can I tell anybody that in the five years I have been here Italy has become a sort of second home for me, that I love everything but the politics, that I will not be pushed out until I am ready to go? Can I tell him that I want to be here when Mussolini is destroyed by the substratum he has never reached and that I want to be around to watch the real Italy come into its own again?*

At the American's long silence, Maestro Arista said, "Forgive me. It doesn't really matter. You doubtless have your reasons. I'm sure they are not political."

"No, I can assure you they're not."

The Maestro resumed his pacing. "One day a black-shirted jackal from the mayor's office comes to pay me a visit. Why does Maestro Arista place a foreigner on his team? Is Marino no longer with us? I answer that for twenty-eight years I have trained and selected the team without any outside interference."

The American said, "Maestro, you will get into trouble over me. Why not replace Marino in No. 3?"

"You beat Marino. You are the best man for the spot."

"Maestro—"



"Listen to me. I am an old man. For years I have watched the encroachments of these Fascist animals. I say nothing, I am not concerned with politics, I teach the sword. But this is too much. I will not let them pick my team. What of my integrity? What of my honor?" The Maestro paced up and down. He burst out, "Away with their politics! I am still a man."

"Your blood-pressure," the American said.

"I spit on my blood-pressure." But he walked to his desk and sat down. In a quieter voice he said, "If Ponti defeats you after this lying report, you will be held up to public ridicule, which may make you leave Italy. I don't know. That's up to you. I'm doing what I have to do."

WHEN the American walked into the locker room, most of the Bologna team were already there. Marino and Del Vecchio were talking, sitting side by side on one of the benches. A sudden hush came over the room. The white-jacketed attendant Attilio bent over the epee held between his knees and examined the tape with great care.

"Listen to me, all of you," the American said at once. "I will not stand for this nonsense. That newspaper article was a tissue of lies from beginning to end. Anyone who does not believe me is calling me a liar." His challenging glance swept the room. The men looked at each other for a moment. Then Marino arose and said to the room at large, "Idiots! What did I tell you?" A murmur arose and several of the men came over sheepishly and patted the American on the back. Silvestri, the No. 2, said, "I never believed it." Some one else said, "But why—" The American shrugged, and the questioner, falling suddenly silent, walked back to his locker.

Marino said, "You had better get dressed."

The American opened his locker and took out his heavy linen uniform. It had been freshly laundered. He nodded gratefully to Attilio, who winked back at him.

Del Vecchio, who was already dressed, put his hand on the American's shoulder and said, "How do you feel?"

"Fine. And you, champion?" Everybody called Del Vecchio champion, because for years no one had been able to replace him in the coveted No. 1 position on the foil team.

"Don't let Ponti impress you," said Del Vecchio. "He can be beaten."

One of the other men called out, "The Ferrara team has arrived."

Achille Ubaldini, an enormous man with the head of an overindulgent Nero, crowned with sparse, curly brown hair, came in and said, "The Ferrara team is here." Ubaldini was a nationally ranking saberman, in spite of his weight. He was generally treated with great respect, because he had a bad temper and was reputed to have fought and won six duels. He was in addition a very able director and had been selected to act in that capacity.

There was a bustle at the doorway, and Maestro Arista ushered in a group of men carrying long bags over their shoulders. The American picked out Ponti at once. He was as tall and broad as Ubaldini, without the fat.

"He is a panther," whispered Marino in the American's ear.

Ponti set his bag down on the floor and took possession of the room with his eyes. He said easily, "Greetings, Bologna." Several of the men answered, "Welcome, Ferrara."

The newcomers found empty lockers and began to take their coats off. Ponti nodded at Ubaldini. Ubaldini nodded. "Ah, Del Vecchio, the champion," said Ponti. Del Vecchio, who had never been able to beat Ponti, flushed and turned to his locker.

Ponti looked around the room, smiling. His glance rested for a moment on the American, then flickered past him to Marino, who waved his hand airily. "A terrible thing has happened, my friends," said Ponti. "I who have been No. 1 for years have been beaten. I have been demoted. I am now No. 3." He was smiling. Several of the men looked at the American with curiosity.

"That is too bad," said Marino maliciously. "I too have been beaten and so will not have the pleasure of meeting you today."

"Ah?" said Ponti, raising his black eyebrows. "And who—"

"You would never guess. Our Maestro has imported a killer from America, a gangster who has never been beaten. His record—"

Ubaldini said, "Be quiet, fool."

The American rose and said, "I am No. 3." Ponti got to his feet and came forward. They stood about two feet apart looking at each other. Ponti was almost a head taller. He seemed to dwarf the American. The other men fell silent, watching them.

"An American," said Ponti, at length. His smile was unpleasant. "And do Americans fence as well as fight with their fists?"

"A few of us."

"I thought Americans fought only with their fists."

"You are mistaken, I am afraid." They stared at each other.

Ubaldini said sourly, "Did you come here to talk, Ferrara?"

Ponti said, "I shall look forward to meeting you."

"You are very kind," the American said politely. At the same time, he thought, *He must not have seen the article.*

Ponti walked back to his bench and began to undress. He said something in a low voice to one of his companions, who laughed.

Maestro Arista came in, talking to Donati, the fencing-master from Ferrara. In a little while they walked out into the fencing room.

The fencing room was an enormous oblong. The building had been an armory, which Arista's father had bought from the government. It was at least eighty feet wide, and almost twice that in length. The first Maestro Arista had laid down a dozen cork fencing-strips across the width, side by side; these were used for practice, while the main strip, twice as wide as the others, ran for the regulation forty feet length-wise down the center of the room, cutting across the others. This was the strip used for tournaments and team meets. Parallel with the main strip and facing it were the bleachers, now full of spectators. The first row had been reserved for the military, and was somber with black shirts, livened only by bright campaign ribbons.

ACROSS the fencing room, facing the bleachers, were two benches set against the wall. These were for the two teams. They were some thirty feet apart, and between them, also against the wall, were four armchairs, reserved for any of the Fascist great who might care to attend.

The American and Marino came out facing the audience. A murmur arose, followed by silence as heads turned toward them. Looking straight ahead the American said softly, "I am poison for you. You had better find a seat." "Not with those pigs," said Marino. "I sit on the bench." He walked to the Bologna bench, the nearer of the two, and sat down.

A shout echoed through the building, and a roar burst from the crowd. Looking up, startled, the American saw that the entire crowd was on its feet, arms extended in the Fascist salute, craning toward the entrance. Someone cried, "*Il podesta!*" The mayor, wearing the black uniform with decorations, walked across the center of the room, acknowledging the acclamation with waves of his hand. At his side walked a little man in a brown overcoat. His lower lip was protruded in an expression of dis-

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taste. When they reached the chairs between the two benches he sat down first, without ceremony, while the mayor stood long enough to wave at the crowd again. A German, thought the American.

Del Vecchio came over. "Warm-up?" he asked. The American assented. He was about to pick up his mask when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and spun him around. He found himself staring into Ponti's black eyes.

"Sol!" cried Ponti, brandishing a newspaper in his hand. "Sol! You are going to write your name on my chest!"

The American said shortly, "Keep your hands off me. I never said that."

"On my overinflated chest," Ponti repeated in rage. "You bragging fool! Do you think I'm going to swallow that?"

Knowing it was useless, the American still said, "Listen to me. I will say it only once more. I did not make the statements attributed to me in the newspaper article."

Ponti, thrusting his sleek head forward insultingly, said, "And I say that you did. You were foolish enough to say it then, and you're cowardly enough to try to back out of it now."

So that's the way it is, the American thought. *This gambit has only one ending.* Many things were clear to him at that moment. He caught a glimpse of Maestro Arista hurrying toward them. Almost regretfully, but unable to help himself, he said, "The whole thing was a deliberate lie, and you know it."

Ponti's slap across the face was too fast for him and sent him sprawling back against the bench, into the laps of his team-mates. A roar arose from the crowd. Some of the Ferrara team came running up and seized Ponti, while the American struggled to tear away from Marino and Del Vecchio. The water in his eyes from the slap blinded him, but he continued to struggle until they lifted him up bodily and carried him into the Maestro's office. There he became calm enough to wash his face with cold water. When he turned

around, Ponti was seated quietly beside Donati. Maestro Arista, Marino, and Del Vecchio stood nearby, ready to prevent further violence. The American said sarcastically, "What happened to your anger, Ponti?" Ponti sneered and said something to his fencing-master, who rose and took Arista's arm.

"Come into the inner room," said Marino. The American let himself be led into the Maestro's darkened private room behind his office, where he lay down on the couch. The American thought, *If only I had got one in before they grabbed me.* He felt curiously calm, even a little weary. He closed his eyes and dozed a little.

Maestro Arista entered and jerked his head at Marino, who got up and walked out. "Americano," said Arista. The American did not move. "Americano," Arista repeated. The American awoke and said, "Yes, Maestro."

"I have something to tell you. Ponti considers himself insulted. I pointed out on your behalf that it was he who struck the blow, but he says that you called him a liar. He wants satisfaction."

The American raised himself up on one elbow. He said incredulously, "But this is a joke!"

Maestro Arista regarded him steadily in the half-light. "No, son," he answered. "This is not a joke. This was very carefully planned in the mayor's office. Do you think the mayor and his German boss came here today because they are interested in sports?"

The American sank back and stared at the ceiling. "What do they want?" he asked finally.

"Ponti gives you two alternatives and a choice. Either to apologize to him before the audience over the loudspeaker, admitting first that you made the statements in the newspaper and then retracting them, or—"

"Or?" prompted the American at the Maestro's hesitation.

"Or to fight a duel, here and now."

"And the choice?"

"The weapon."

The American laughed. The Maestro put his hand on his shoulder. "That is my message," he said with something like pain in his voice. "I told Ponti not to be a fool, that I would not permit my fencing room to be used for such an illegal encounter, but they had thought of that too. The mayor came in, pretended to listen to both sides of the case, and decided that Ponti was in the right. He told me that he would take the responsibility before the law and ordered me to bear Ponti's message to you." Maestro Arista paused for a moment. When he resumed, his voice was choked with bitterness. "He would not

dare do so unless he had advance authority from Rome, even from Berlin. This is a sign. Those criminals are prepared for anything, even war with America. You are to be a sacrifice, an additional provocation, and that little German hyena out there has come to enjoy your death. But you can fool them yet. The two alternatives are not absolute. There is a third. You can get dressed and walk out. I do not think they will stop you."

The American turned his head to Arista. "And what would happen to you?" he asked. The Maestro made a gesture with his hand. "Thank you, but no," said the American sitting up. The Maestro clutched his arm. "Then you'll apologize?"

"No," said the American. "I won't do that either. They know I can't, and so do you."

Maestro Arista said, almost wistfully, "If they would let me I would take your place. For all my years I could still—" He broke off and awkwardly stroked the American's hair in a curious paternal gesture. "With your permission I will be your second."

"Thank you," the American said gratefully.

"He is too strong for you with the saber. He would force through your parries. Shall I say epee?"

"As you wish, Maestro."

Arista walked into the other room.

THE parley in the Maestro's office seemed interminable to the American, but when they called him out he saw by his watch that only ten minutes had elapsed. Ponti and Donati were seated side by side on a bench, while Maestro Arista sat behind his desk, his hand at his chest. Ubaldini, in the center of the room, said, "Here are the conditions. The weapon will be epee, with the button removed, and sharpened. The bout will be fought on the center strip in full view of the audience."

"The duellists will fight without masks, stripped to the waist. The bout will end at first blood, if more than a scratch; in such a case, the decision to continue will rest with me. If at the end of fifteen minutes of combat neither man has been injured, there will be a five-minute rest, after which the bout will continue for another period of fifteen minutes."

"A man who retreats off the end of the strip three times will be considered as having lost that period. If both periods are lost in the same way, it will be construed as a full apology by the loser, plus the implication of cowardice. At the end of the second period the bout will be over, unless terminated

otherwise, and the men will shake hands." Ubaldini looked at Donati. "Have I spoken your mind, Maestro?" "Precisely," said Donati. "And yours, Maestro?" Ubaldini said to Arista. Arista grunted, "My mind is unspeakable."

"Now I speak my mind," Ubaldini said decisively. "I have fought six duels and am here to brag about them. If either of you fights in a way that is not in accordance with accepted fencing-room practice, he will have to answer to me. As God is my witness, I will make him number seven. This is a civilized country."

Between set teeth Ponti said, "You smile, *Americano*? You do not think we are civilized?"

"I am not answerable to you for my thoughts," said the American, still smiling. At the same time he thought, *Good. I must make him angry.*

Ponti shouted, "I will make you smile in another way on the strip!"

"Very well. Save it until then."

"Enough!" cried Ubaldini angrily. Donati put his hand on Ponti's arm and said to Ubaldini, "Tell them about the team."

"Yes," said Ubaldini. "The team meet will proceed as scheduled. No. 1 will meet No. 1. No. 2 will meet No. 2. The duel will constitute the third match, and a victory will count toward the team score."

The American burst out laughing. It seemed especially rich to him that his life should be narrowed down to the circumference of a zero on a score-sheet.

THE crowd had been growing restless. When Ubaldini appeared and walked to the microphone, they let out a shout, which doubled in intensity when the American and Ponti came out and walked to their respective benches. Ubaldini held up his hand. "The meet will proceed," he announced.

Del Vecchio, foil in hand, stopped by the American. "What's up?" he asked. The American shook his head, and said, "Go in there and win." Donati had sent in his No. 2 man in place of Ponti, a slender, left-handed red-head. The score was five to one, and one bout was chalked up for Bologna.

The team welcomed Del Vecchio to the bench with slaps on the back. Maestro Arista arose from where he had been sitting at the other end of the bench, and nodded to the American. They walked into the Maestro's office, followed by Ponti and Donati, as Ubaldini announced the next bout.

In the Maestro's office, Ponti and the American hurriedly pulled off their fencing jackets. The second bout had

started. The click of the blades and the scuff of soft shoes on cork were audible through the door, which had been left partially open. Maestro Arista called the two men to his desk, where four epees lay side by side. They were the regulation epees, with large round aluminum bells and grooved blades; two of them had the Italian crossbar at the handle, while the other two had aluminum pistol-grips. All the *pointes d'arret* had been removed, and the tips filed smoothly into sharp points. "First choice to Ferrara," said Arista. In explanation he said to the American, "You selected the weapon."

Ponti picked up both Italian swords, whipped each of them experimentally in turn, and set one down immediately. The American picked up one of the pistol-grips and hefted it. The point seemed to him to pull a trifle to the right. The other was better.

At the door Maestro Donati said, "Ferrara's No. 2 is leading, 4-2."

Maestro Arista lit a candle and propped it firmly on his desk. As they watched he held each point in the flame for a few moments. Ponti, smiling sardonically, said, "It will not be from infection that he will die."

Donati said, "Ferrara, 5-3." He opened the door a little wider. They saw Ubaldini at the microphone, holding up his hand for silence. His face was serious. The room became quiet. Ubaldini talked for fully five minutes. He explained the incident between Ponti and the American, the debate between the seconds, the decision to have the duel, and the various conditions by which the participants had agreed to abide. He warned that there would be no demonstration from the audience that might interfere with the contest. As if in support of his statement, a detachment of armed *carabinieri* filed into the entrance and stood against the wall.

At the command, all faded into an indistinguishable background—the crowd, Ubaldini's stern face, the little man in the brown overcoat, the newly arrived *carabinieri* at the entrance, the Maestro's hand at his chest, Marino's clenched fists. The world narrowed down to an expanse of cork strip, and a lithe catlike figure extending a murderous point at him. All his being rushed to a point immediately behind his eyes. His thought became actions.

He is stronger, he is quicker, he is more experienced.

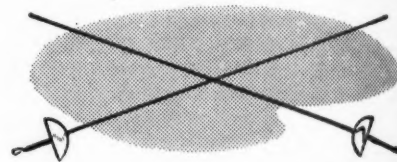
I must be smarter.

Ponti's broad chest had become a narrow line. His arm was almost fully extended. All the American could see of it behind the protecting bell was the round muscle curving up from his biceps to the shoulder. His point hung

motionless and black with candle-smoke between them, at waist level. *He is out to kill me. This is incredible.*

An electric charge rushed up his arm and wrenched at his shoulder. Ponti had made a slight movement of his fingers and met his blade. *He is strong, he has the strongest hand I ever crossed. I must not give him my blade.*

He had no plan, he was trying to find one. He retreated slowly, tense and watchful. Suddenly, as though a door had been opened a roar penetrated to his ears and Ubaldini beat up their blades with a cane. The American had retreated off the end of the strip. Ubaldini said, "That's once. Do you understand?" The American nodded. He thought, *He is eager. He is showing off. Can I use that?*



In the center they fell on guard again at a safe distance. He thought, *I must find out what he wants. Does he want to kill me or will he be satisfied with—* Ponti's blade slithered down the inside of his, and snapped to the outside in a feint to the forearm. In automatic reaction the American followed the blade in a half-circle down and out, exposing the upper surface of his forearm for a fraction of a second. Ponti beat his blade contemptuously and stepped back. *He could have come in,* the American thought. *What does he want? I must risk it again, but not so obviously. Perhaps I—* He stepped forward, tightening his fingers on the grip to give a beat in *septime*, the seventh guard position. Ponti deceived over the blade, threatening the wrist, and the American, reversing his direction smoothly, attempted to envelop his blade with counter-*septime*. Ponti's blade deceived again. This time the American stepped back. *That's twice he could have—I never even met his blade. He has brains in his fingers.*

He is not playing with me or he would have made the opportunities more obvious to the audience he will not be satisfied with the arm he wants the body he could have hit the arm he wants to kill me I will be satisfied with his arm. But his only conscious thought was, *I have the distance.*

He had a plan now. He could not have expressed it in words. His consciousness, crowded to that point behind his eyes, transmitted it to his body

in terms of reactions. He was not even aware of his body.

Come on, you. You are not eager enough yet. Let me refuse your arm.

Ponti came in fast as though he meant to follow through, but checked himself just out of reach. The American's blade was extended rigidly at his chest. The two froze still a moment, then Ponti stepped back. The crowd thought the American had expected to hit and shouted in glee at his discomfiture. *It convinced them, he thought. What about Ponti? Can he believe that I am stupid enough to stop-thrust to the body against a direct attack? I must make him believe it.*

Not too close. Not too close. Get eager enough to come in from out of distance. Try it again. Believe it. But keep that margin of distance.

Ponti's naked torso was glittering under the powerful overhead lights. *He is sweating. I suppose I am too. But he is not tired. Let me show you again.*

PONTI came in again, his hand not quite so high. *I can see the upper surface of his forearm. Oh, no. I won't bite for that.* The American pulled his arm back as Ponti's point slid under his bell, parried it and made an ineffectual riposte toward the body. It was two feet short. *Another half-inch and I could have stopped to the arm. But that half-inch. He's testing me. Do you believe it now? Yes.*

I will stake everything on the distance. There is no other way. But not this period. You are not eager enough yet.

Ponti's magnificent body crouched still lower. His nostrils flared like a stallion's. *That's it. Come on, you.* Taking tiny steps to match those of his adversary, the American went back. The margin was always there but it grew narrower. *That's too close. Deliberately, the American stepped off the end of the strip, and Ubaldini came between them. Ponti looked at the crowd and shrugged. A shout of laughter; someone cried, "Coward!"*

They are enjoying it. All we need now is lions. So much the better. Egg him on. It all helps. Ubaldini, frowning, said to him, "That's twice."

This time Ponti opened with more confidence. *Perhaps I have misjudged,* the American thought. A momentary doubt arose in him. The violence of the attack startled him, set him back on his heels, almost made him release the precious step that could be used only once. But Ponti's crowding gave him no time to pivot, and some vestige of control let the American hold it back. He weathered the storm, which left

him shaken. *One more like that and I—* He backed away puzzled. But Ponti's increased eagerness reassured him, convinced him his plan was right. *If only Ponti would risk everything on one long attack to the body! What's holding him back? He comes in too close. He wants no risk at all. I won't let you do it. Very well, then.* For the third time the American stepped off the end of the strip, and Ubaldini stopped Ponti's gliding advance with his cane, and said shortly, "That's all. Five minutes' rest."

In fury Ponti cried, "Stay on the strip, *vigliacco!*" Ignoring him, the American looked at Ubaldini's set face. *He doesn't see it. Good. Perhaps Ponti won't either.*

They tossed a towel to the American as he walked to the bench. He draped it around his neck, letting his breath out with a rush and relaxing his taut stomach muscles. Marino and Del Vecchio were regarding the floor between their legs. They were ashamed. Only Maestro Arista regarded him steadily. Mopping his face, the American said, "Will it work, Maestro?"

"You should have done it there at the end," Arista answered. "They will tell him." The American followed the Maestro's eyes to the Ferrara bench, and shook his head. "Even Ubaldini didn't see it," he said. The Maestro answered, "He is a saberman. But Donati—" The American said, "I had to risk it. He wasn't ready."

The American thought, *If he kills me they will give him a medal. But if I kill him—* He looked at the little thick-lipped German, who was smiling and nodding at something the mayor was saying. *This is a civilized country, Ubaldini said. I wonder what the mayor said. Or what the Duce will say when the news of my death reaches his desk in the form of a neatly typed memorandum, which will distort the facts very glibly and end with a pious reflection on the superiority of the Italian gladiator over the American.*

The crowd had applauded Ponti as he went to his bench. Now they whispered and watched Ubaldini, who stood with a stop-watch in his hand. "Time," he said finally.

They have told him. The American's heart sank. Instead of boring in with pressure and changes of engagement, Ponti began a series of beats and counter-beats. His blade moved only a few inches, but at each beat a shock ran up the American's arm. He could not get his blade out of the way. In desperation he answered the beats with beats of his own, but it was like beating a taut wire. His forearm began to ache.

This is dangerous. I am playing his game. If only—

Perhaps they didn't tell him. Perhaps they told him only to tire my arm. Break time once and see. But to the body. Wait for a counter-beat. Now. At Ponti's beat to the outside, he used the force to carry his blade under and around and extended with a vicious grunt. It was short, as he knew it would be, but Ponti pulled up. *He might have got my arm again that time. He still wants the body. But with or without a beat? Everything depends—*

Without a beat. They didn't tell him. They didn't tell him. Back to the old game. Once off the strip and he'll be ready. Backing away with extreme caution, the American fended off the threatening point. *It's almost close enough for him to risk it. He stepped off the end of the strip, and the crowd groaned. Ponti's face was furious.*

All right, darn you. All right. You're ripe. Over the bell as he comes in. And don't miss. For God's sake, don't miss. He straightened up a trifle and fixed his eyes on Ponti's arm just above his elbow joint. *It will straighten out as he comes in. Over the bell as he—*

At Ponti's rush, the American pulled his feet together, rising to the balls of his feet and pivoting his body like a bullfighter to the right. At the same time his blade flicked out over Ponti's bell and caught him full on the shoulder. Ponti's blade was flat and cold against his chest. The force of the rush and the unexpected check carried Ponti to one knee before he toppled over. At the last moment the American, feeling the grating of the point against the bone, released his grip and watched the epee go over like a pendulum with Ponti, still fixed in his shoulder. He thought, *It's too high. But it's just as well.*

BEFORE he walked off the strip, he looked up at the crowd. For the first time he was aware of the extent of their hostility. After the first stunned silence a growl arose. Several of the black shirts in the first row leaped to their feet. The little German, his face contorted with disgust, got up and walked across the floor toward the exit. The American turned on his heel and walked calmly toward the locker room. He thought, *They will do nothing. It will be painful, but he will recover.* But, walking the long distance down the floor to the door, with the crowd shouting behind him and the mayor staring anxiously toward the exit and the Maestro holding his hand at his chest and Marino pounding Del Vecchio on the back, he knew finally that he would have to leave, that the Italy he knew was no more.

By S. I. Hayakawa

Author: *Language in Action*

Once Upon a Time

ONCE long ago, tens of thousands of years before history began, people began to worry about the constant disorder in their homes. For in those days, men took by force the women they desired.

If a man wanted a woman, but found that she was already the partner of another man, he thought nothing of killing the other fellow and dragging home his mate. Naturally, someone else might slug him the next day to get possession of a desirable "she." But that was the risk everybody took.

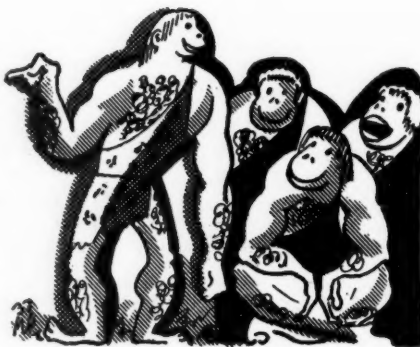
Consequently, there wasn't much of what one could call family life. The men were too busy watching each other suspiciously. And time that might have been spent fishing or hunting was wasted.

Many people saw that this was no way for human beings to live. As they said among themselves: "Truly we are strange creatures. In some ways we are highly civilized. We no longer eat raw flesh, as did our savage ancestors. Our engineers have perfected stone arrowheads and powerful bows so that we can slay the fastest deer that runs. Our medicine men drive away illnesses. Little by little, we are mastering the secrets of nature."

"But," they continued, "we have not yet mastered ourselves. There are those among us who continue to snatch women from each other by brute force, so that every man lives in fear of his fellows. Unless we can find some way of placing our human relationships on a decent basis, we have no right to call ourselves civilized."

Slowly, and only after generations of groping discussion, the wise men of the tribe figured out an answer. They proposed that men and women who had decided to live together permanently be bound by a "contract," by which they meant the uttering of certain solemn words in front of the priests of the tribe. This "contract" was to be known as "marriage." The man in a marriage was to be known as a "husband"; the woman as "wife."

They further proposed that this "contract" was to be observed and honored



by all the people of the tribe. In other words, if a given woman, Slendershanks, was recognized as the "wife" of a given man, Beetlebrow, everyone in the tribe was to agree not to disturb their domestic arrangements. Finally, they proposed that if anyone failed to respect this contract and killed another man in order to obtain his wife, he was to be punished by the force of tribal authority.

In order to put these proposals into effect, a great conference was held, and delegates arrived from all branches of the tribe. Some came with glad hearts, filled with the hope that humanity was about to enter a new era of peace. Some came with faint hearts, but feeling that it was worth a try. Some came simply because they had been elected delegates.

All the time that the conference was going on, however, a big, backward, loud-mouthed savage kept shouting scornful remarks. He called the delegates "visionaries," "impractical theorists," "starry-eyed dreamers," "crackpots," and "pantywaists." He gleefully pointed out that many of the delegates had themselves been, at an earlier date, woman-snatchers. (This, unfortunately, was true—which didn't help the conference any.)

He shouted to Red-Eye, who was one of the delegates, "You don't think Brawny Legs is going to leave your woman alone just because he makes an agreement, do you?" And he shouted to Brawny Legs, "You don't think Red-Eye is going to leave your woman alone just because he makes an agreement, do you?"

Then he turned to his following, the crowd of timid, snickering little men who found their self-assurance in the loudness of his voice, and he yelled, "Look at those dim-witted delegates, will you? They think they can change human nature!"

Thereupon the crowd rolled over with laughter. "Haw, haw! They think they can change human nature!"

That broke up the conference. It was another two thousand years, therefore, before marriage was finally instituted in that tribe—two thousand years during which men who had no designs upon their neighbors' women killed each other as a precaution against being killed themselves. For two thousand years the arts of peace languished while people dreamed in despair of a distant future time when a man could live with the woman of his choice without arming himself to the teeth.

This little parable has been told to illustrate a fundamental fact about human beings; namely, that *human society is made up of agreements*. Society is not simply a collection of individuals, each going his own way. Society is a network of agreements—about marriage, about property rights, about the proper conduct of business, about methods of government, about the definition of wrongs and the punishment of wrong-doers, and so on and on.

Agreements, however, are made of words. Without words, there is no way for large numbers of people to agree on ways of behaving. As the anthropologist Benjamin Lee Whorf put it, "Whenever agreement or assent is arrived at in human affairs . . . this agreement is reached by linguistic processes, or else it is not reached."

When "linguistic processes"—that is, talking, writing, debating, discussing, comparing ideas, bargaining—are working all right, people are able to arrive at agreement, peace, and some kind of cooperation. When linguistic processes break down, there is often nothing left for people to do but start hitting each other, whether with fists or bombing-planes.

Under what conditions do linguistic processes work satisfactorily, and how do they break down? To answer such questions, we shall have a look, in future articles in this series, at the new subject of *semantics*, which is the scientific study of linguistic processes.

In the Modern Mood



The Awoken Angel, wood engraving by G. A. Baldinelli

PSYCHE WITH THE CANDLE

By Archibald MacLeish

Love which is the most difficult mystery
Asking from every young one answers
And most from those most eager and most beautiful—
Love is a bird in a fist:
To hold it hides it, to look at it lets it go.
It will twist loose if you lift so much as a finger
It will stay if you cover it—stay but unknown and invisible.
Either you keep it forever with fist closed
Or let it fling
Singing in fervor of sun and in song vanish.
There is no answer other to this mystery.

About the Authors . . .

• Archibald MacLeish won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1932 and is one of our leading modern poets. In recent years he has held the posts, among others, of Librarian of Congress and Assistant Secretary of State. This is his first volume of poetry in more than a decade. Henry McLaughlin's death last year at the age of 29 cut short a promising career. The volume of his verse published posthumously is truly distinguished.

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Poem by Henry McLaughlin, Copyright 1948 by Farrar, Straus & Co. Reprinted by permission from *Where the Moment Was*, published by Farrar, Straus & Co.

THE REALISTS

By Henry McLaughlin

Songs are only songs
But we
Have lost the vision
Of our minstrelsy.

Now we are mute;
We sing but seldom, and then
The burden of our song
Is not of men

Or of their flowering,
But of debitable things
Fictioned by ordinance
Of predatory kings.

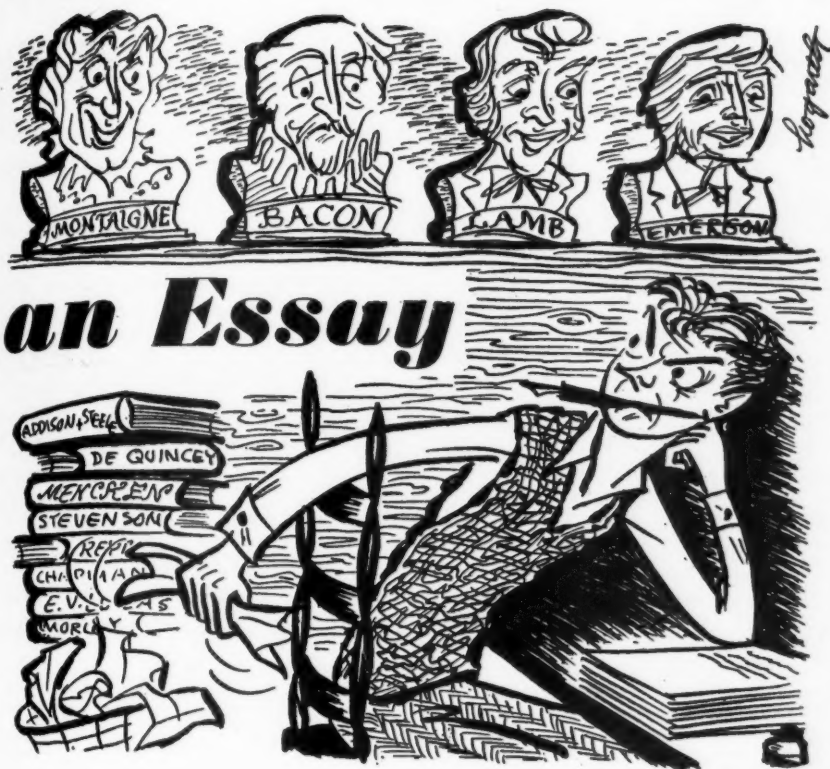
We drift on a smooth,
Crystal sea
In blue, paper bells
Of flowers of nonentity,

Borne on and on by winds
No stronger than the breath
Of parakeets
To coral reefs and shibboleth.

THE SNOW FALL

By Archibald MacLeish

Quietness clings to the air
Quietness gathers the bell
To a great distance
Listen
This is the snow
This is the slow
Chime the
Snow makes
It encloses us
Time in the snow is alone
Time in the snow is at last
Is past



Then will be time enough to think of different forms in writing. What you have to say comes first. Don't let anything get in the way of your digging out the meaning of an experience.

This term, "experience," may not be as narrow as you think. The experience you choose might be a reading experience. You may want to write about books that have helped you understand people, books that have helped you appreciate ideals and that have helped you know what kind of a world we want.

Perhaps you will want to attack some problem in your community. This will mean reading, research, interviews, and help from many sources. Here again you will be searching for the thing you want to say. You won't know the answer until you have all the material you can find. Then you will have to weigh this material carefully before daring to form a conclusion. When you have what you are convinced is the answer, you are ready to write.

Whatever you read, ask yourself, "What was the writer trying to say?"

Reading your own writing before a group is one of the best ways to get honest criticism. You learn faster working together with others who are interested in you and want to help. You will need their encouragement, too.

Make It Alive and Sincere

Here is another suggestion, or warning, for you. Don't be afraid to write simply and directly. Don't put all your vocabulary in one pot. Remember you

have something to say and you want everyone to get it.

Besides thinking, you will need to see, hear, smell, taste, and feel, if your writing is to be convincing. You can't do it by blanket words or phrases. It takes searching and prodding to get away from sweeping generalities and lazy triteness. Out of your every-day experiences you can find ways of telling what you see and feel that will make your writing alive and sincere.

Let me give you some samples of writing that might have been very trite, but escaped. These are only fragments of longer pieces.

Mary loved Eastern Washington with its desert and sagebrush, but it was hard to make her Puget Sound friends understand. She could have said it was beautiful and she liked it—the lazy way out. But instead she wrote:

"In the cup of the Kittitas Valley sewn through with railroads like knots on a rope, is Ellensburg, dust-caked, splendid with full-lipped colors in summer and autumn, white in sleep in winter, green in spring and flowering of life in the valley until summer tumbleweed time. In Ellensburg, where I come from, there is always wind. Everything is crooked from it. Trees grow crooked and life points east, because the wind is strong and confident."

Warner is also from Eastern Washington, and the country is important to him:

"I can see the bluebonnets and cheat grass between the sagebrush, the hounds shedding their long winter hair; suckers

on the apple trees, ruts deep in the muddy roads; seed spuds sprouting in the cellar.

"I can hear a chinook wind rattling the windmill and sighing in the barn rafters; the crash of ice in the spring break-up; coyotes howling across the river at night; harness leather creaking and the sound of wagon wheels on a gravel road."

Charles tells of a trip to Aberdeen: "It's about a three-ride trip by thumb. You pass through ghost towns of Elma and Montassano, sandwiched in the node of the logged hill of the Northwest. You coast through great convex gravel pits where the red clay soil is faded by the sun and streaked by the rain."

These were real experiences and each one knew what he was trying to say. Mary used railroads, "knots on a rope," "full-lipped color," and "tumbleweed time," common things in the experiences of everyone, to say what Ellensburg meant to her. Charles used "three-ride trip by thumb," not so common now, but still it says something better than the trite "sixty miles as the crow flies." Warner sees and hears ordinary things, but it is his picking and choosing that matters. What he leaves out is as important as what he chooses to put in.

Mary and Charles and Warner have had to think to find ways to make themselves understood. They knew what they were talking about. They had something so very much worth telling that it was no hardship to search for words and phrases to say it. Without that "something to say" their sentences would have been pretty nothings.

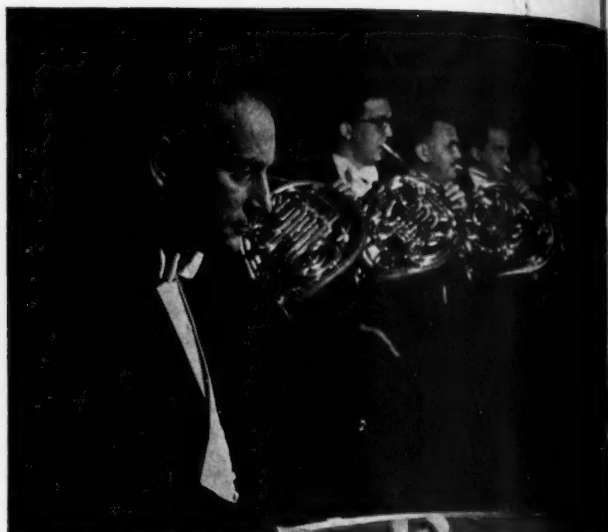
Learning to write is a slow process. Don't get impatient. Keep writing. Keep reading what you have written to the class, to your friends. Insist on sincere criticism. Ask your friends these questions:

1. Did you get what I was trying to say?
2. Was it convincing? Were you sure I knew what I was talking about?
3. Was there anything in my writing that did not support what I was trying to say?
4. Did my reporting of conversations sound genuine?
5. Were my descriptions overdone? Did they really help bring out my meaning? Did they "belong"?
6. Did I generalize? Did I moralize?
7. Did you feel at any time that I wrote for effect?
8. Did you find any evidence that I was making an effort to be original?
9. Where could I have written more simply and directly?
10. Were there any trite phrases?



Graphic House

In the great symphony scores the trombone is associated with pomp and majesty. The tuba is the bass voice in brass group.



Morton

Timpanist of Philharmonic made own drums. Woodwind and brass players avoid acid foods which make lips pucker.



Graphic House

Instruments of orchestra are arranged as groups or choirs. Bass violins are near cello section.

One Hundred Men and a Maestro

Orchestra has superb unity. Once a piano soloist skipped 4 bars. Orchestra skipped same 4 bars without breaking time.

New York Philharmonic Symphony



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Morton Berger

Orchestra recreation room is place where men relax. Sometimes jam sessions top off classics. Chess player at right is Theodore Cella, first harpist and chess champ of orchestra. Same game may sometimes go on for years.

● The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, founded in 1842, is America's oldest orchestral ensemble and the fourth oldest in the world. It has been said that "the history of the Philharmonic is the history of music in America." Under Bruno Walter, its distinguished conductor, the Philharmonic is still making history. The famous Sunday afternoon concerts, broadcast over CBS under the sponsorship of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, carry the great concerted voice of the orchestra over the length and breadth of the continent.

Conductor Bruno Walter interrupts a rehearsal to plead "softer, softer." Each conductor has his own interpretation of the score composer wrote.

CBS photo



THE WINSLOW BOY was produced in the United States by the Theatre Guild and John C. Wilson on October 29, 1947, and closed its run on November 19, 1948.

The action of the play takes place in the drawing-room of a house in Kensington, London, and extends over two years of a period preceding the war of 1914-1918.

SYNOPSIS OF ACT I AND ACT II

Ronnie Winslow, a boy of fourteen, has been discharged from the British Royal Naval Academy for stealing a five-shilling postal money order. His father, Arthur Winslow, believing implicitly in Ronnie's denial of guilt, is determined to secure a fair trial for his son. After tremendous public pressure, in the press and in the House of Commons, the Admiralty finally agrees to an inquiry. At this inquiry Ronnie is not represented by counsel or friends and is found guilty again. Arthur engages Sir Robert Morton, an eminent lawyer, who also considers the issues involved important. Sir Robert wants to proceed by a legal measure called "Petition of Right." Under this procedure, a British subject may sue the Crown if the Attorney-General permits the case to come to court.

CHARACTERS IN ACT III

Ronnie Winslow
 Arthur Winslow } Ronnie's father
 Grace Winslow } and mother
 Violet
 Catherine Winslow—Ronnie's sister
 John Watherstone
 Sir Robert Morton

ACT THREE

The time is about ten-thirty p.m. ARTHUR is reading aloud from an evening paper. Listening to him are RONNIE and GRACE. RONNIE, on sofa, is finding it hard to keep his eyes open, and GRACE, darning socks in other armchair, has evidently other and, to her, more important matters on her mind.

ARTHUR (Reading): "—The Admiralty, during the whole of this long drawn-out dispute, have at no time acted hastily or ill-advisedly, and it is a matter of mere histrionic hyperbole for the right honorable and learned gentle-

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CAUTION: The non-professional (amateur) acting rights of *THE WINSLOW BOY* are controlled exclusively by the Dramatists Play Service, Inc., 6 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y., without whose permission in writing no part of the play may be performed by amateurs.

With reference to all other rights, address Harold Freedman, 101 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



The Winslow Boy

A stirring drama based on a famous trial

man opposite to characterize the conduct of my department as that of callousness so inhuman as to amount to deliberate malice towards the boy Winslow. (Ministerial cheers and opposition cries of Oh!) Honorable members opposite may interrupt as much as they please. (Further opposition interruptions.)" (He stops reading and looks up) I must say it looks as if the First Lord's having rather a rough passage—(He breaks off, noticing RONNIE's head has fallen back on cushions, and he is asleep) I trust my reading isn't keeping you awake. (There is no answer) I say I trust my reading isn't keeping you awake! (Again there is no answer. Helplessly) Grace!

GRACE: My poor sleepy little lamb! It's long past his bedtime, Arthur.

ARTHUR: Grace, dear—at this very moment your poor sleepy little lamb is the subject of a very violent and heated debate in the House of Commons. I should have thought, in the circumstances, it might have been possible for him to contrive to stay awake for a few minutes past his bedtime—

GRACE: I expect he's over-excited. (ARTHUR and GRACE both look at the tranquilly oblivious form on sofa)

ARTHUR: A picture of over-excitement. (Sharply) Ronnie! (No answer) Ronnie!

RONNIE (Opening his eyes): Yes, Father?

ARTHUR: I am reading the account of the debate. Would you like to listen, or would you rather go to bed?

RONNIE: Oh, I'd like to listen, of course, Father. I was listening too, only I had my eyes shut—

ARTHUR: I see. That, no doubt, was why your attitude was barely distinguishable from a heavy doze—

RONNIE: Oh no, Father. It's jolly interesting. Go on—do.

ARTHUR: Very well. (Reading) "The First Lord continued amid further interruptions: The chief point of criticism against the Admiralty appears to center in the purely legal question of the Petition of Right brought by Mr. Arthur Winslow and the Admiralty's demurrer thereto. . . . The right honorable and

learned gentleman has made great play with his eloquent reference to the liberty of the individual menaced, as he puts it, by the new despotism of bureaucracy—and I was as moved as any honorable member opposite by his resonant use of the words: 'Let Right be Done'—the time-honored phrase with which, in his opinion, the Attorney-General should without question have endorsed Mr. Winslow's Petition of Right. Nevertheless, the matter is not nearly as simple as the right honorable and learned gentleman appears to imagine. . . . It must be remembered that in this Twentieth Century the prerogatives of the Crown are no longer exercised on behalf of a despotic monarch, but on behalf of a free and democratically protected people. (Ministerial cheers and further opposition interruptions.) Cadet Ronald Winslow is a servant of the Crown, and has therefore no right whatever—no more right than any other member of His Majesty's forces—to sue the Crown in open court. To allow him to do so—whether through legal quibble of a claim for breach of contract by his father or by any other means his legal advisers may hit upon, would undoubtedly raise the most dangerous precedents. (Honorable members: Dangerous to whom?) There is no doubt whatever in my mind that in certain cases—and this is one of them—private rights may have to be sacrificed for the public good—(Opposition laughter and ministerial counter cheers.)" (He looks up. RONNIE, after a manful attempt to keep his eyes open by self-pinchings and other devices, has once more succumbed to oblivion. Sharply) Ronniel Ronniel (RONNIE stirs, turns over, and slides

more comfortably into cushions) Would you believe it!

GRACE: He's dead tired. I'd better take him up to his bed—

ARTHUR: No. If he must sleep, let him sleep there.

GRACE: Oh, but he'd be much more comfy in his little bed—

ARTHUR: I dare say; but the debate continues and until it's ended the cause of it all will certainly not make himself comfy in his little bed (VIOLET, the maid, comes in)

VIOLET: There are three more reporters in the hall, sir. Want to see you very urgently. Shall I let them in?

ARTHUR: No. Certainly not. I issued a statement yesterday. Until the debate is over I have nothing more to say.

VIOLET: Yes, sir. That's what I told them, but they wouldn't go.

ARTHUR: Well, make them. Use force, if necessary.

VIOLET: Yes, sir. And shall I cut some sandwiches for Miss Catherine, as she missed her dinner?

GRACE: Yes, Violet. Good idea. (VIOLET goes out)

ARTHUR: Grace, dear—

GRACE: Yes?

ARTHUR: I fancy this might be a good opportunity of talking to Violet?

GRACE (Quite firmly): No, dear.

ARTHUR: Meaning that it isn't a good opportunity? Or meaning that you have no intention at all of ever talking to Violet?

GRACE: I'll do it one day, Arthur. Tomorrow, perhaps. Not now.

ARTHUR: I believe you'd do better to grasp the nettle. Delay only adds to your worries—

GRACE (Bitterly): My worries! What

do you know about my worries?

ARTHUR: A good deal, Grace. But I feel they would be a lot lessened if you faced the situation squarely.

ARTHUR: If you explain the dilemma to her carefully—if you even show her the figures I jotted down for you yesterday—I venture to think you won't find her unreasonable.

GRACE: She's nearly seventy, Arthur. It won't be easy for her to find another place. I don't mind how many figures she's shown, it's a brutal thing to do.

ARTHUR: Facts are brutal things.

GRACE (A shade hysterically): Facts? I don't think I know what facts are any more—

ARTHUR: The facts, at this moment, are that we have a half of the income we had a year ago and we're living at nearly the same rate. However you look at it that's bad economics—

GRACE: I'm not talking about economics, Arthur. I know about those facts as well as you. Probably better, as I have to deal with them. I'm talking about ordinary, common or garden facts—things we took for granted a year ago and which now don't seem to matter any more.

ARTHUR: Such as?

GRACE (With rising voice): Such as a happy home and peace and quiet and an ordinary respectable life, and some sort of future to us and our children. In the last year you've thrown all that overboard, Arthur. There's your return for it, I suppose, (She indicates headline in paper) and it's all very exciting and important, I'm sure, but it doesn't bring back any of the things that we've lost. I can only pray to God that you know what you're doing (RONNIE stirs in his sleep. GRACE automatically pulls rug over him and lowers her voice at end of her speech. A pause)

ARTHUR (Quietly): I do know what I'm doing, Grace.

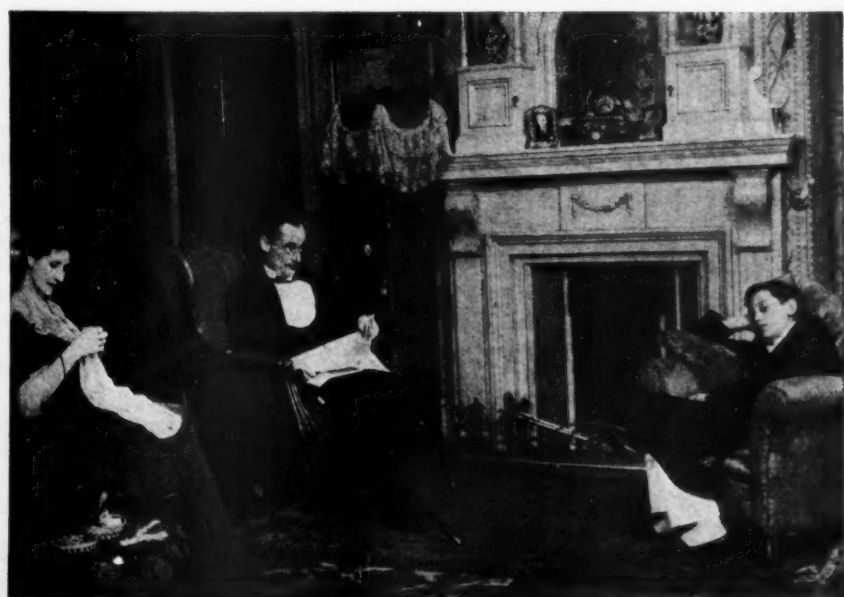
GRACE: Do you? I'm not so sure. I sometimes think you're just marching blindly ahead without knowing where you're going.

ARTHUR: I know exactly where I'm going, Grace. I'm going to publish my son's innocence before the world, and for that end I am not prepared to weigh the cost.

GRACE: But the cost may be out of all proportion—

ARTHUR: It may be. That doesn't concern me. I hate heroics, Grace, but you force me to say this. An injustice has been done. I am going to set it right, and there is no sacrifice in the world I am not prepared to make in order to do so.

GRACE (With sudden violence): Oh, I wish I could see the sense of it all! (Pointing to RONNIE) He's perfectly



Vandamm

Arthur: "Your lamb is the subject of a debate in the House of Commons."

happy, at a good school, doing very well. No one need ever have known about the Naval Academy, if you hadn't gone and shouted it out to the whole world. As it is, whatever happens now, he'll go through the rest of his life as the boy in that Winslow case—the boy that stole that postal order—

ARTHUR (*Grimly*): The boy that didn't steal that postal order.

GRACE (*Wearily*): What's the difference? When millions are talking and gossiping about him, a *did* or a *didn't* hardly matters. The Winslow boy is bad enough. You talk about sacrificing everything for him: but when he's grown up he won't thank you for it, Arthur—even though you've given your life to—publish his innocence, as you call it. (ARTHUR *makes impatient gesture*) Yes, Arthur—your life. You talk gaily about arthritis and a touch of gout and old age and the rest of it, but you know as well as any of the doctors what really is the matter with you and how vital it is for you to have some rest and quiet. (Nearly in tears) You're destroying yourself, Arthur, and me and your family besides—and for what? For what, I'd like to know? I've asked you and Kate to tell me a hundred times—but you can't. You never can—For what, Arthur? For what? (ARTHUR *has struggled painfully out of his seat and now approaches her*)

ARTHUR (*Quietly*): For justice, Grace.

GRACE: Justice? That sounds very noble. Are you sure it's true? Are you sure it isn't just plain pride and self-importance and sheer brute stubbornness? You and Kate can't bear the thought of anyone ever getting the better of you. Isn't it just plain selfishness in you both that stops you saying: "All right. I'll give up. They've won?"

ARTHUR (*Putting a hand out*): No. Grace. I don't think it is. I really don't think it is—

GRACE (*Shaking off his hand*): No. This time I'm not going to cry and say I'm sorry, and make it all up again. It's past that now, Arthur. I can't stand it any more. If there was a reason I could stand anything. Anything. But for no reason at all, it's unfair to ask so much of me. It's unfair— (She breaks down. As ARTHUR puts a comforting arm around her she pushes him off and runs out of door RONNIE has meanwhile opened his eyes)

RONNIE: What's the matter, Father?

ARTHUR (*Turning from door*): Your mother is a little upset—

RONNIE (*Drowsily*): Why? Aren't things going well?

ARTHUR: Oh, yes. (*Murmuring*) Very well. (He sits with more than his usual difficulty, as if he were utterly ex-

hausted) Very well indeed. (RONNIE contentedly closes his eyes again. ARTHUR, for a long time, stares broodingly into space, laying his stick methodically beside him. Then he turns his head to sofa. Gently) You'd better go to bed now, Ronnie. You'll be more comfortable. (He sees RONNIE is asleep again. He struggles out of his chair and goes over to sofa, where he stands looking down at his sleeping son. VIOLET comes in with sandwiches on a plate, and a letter on a salver) Thank you, Violet. (VIOLET puts sandwiches on table and hands ARTHUR letter. ARTHUR puts it down on table beside him without opening it. VIOLET goes out; we can hear her greeting CATHERINE in hall with the news that Mr. Winslow's in drawing-room. CATHERINE comes in)

CATHERINE: Hullo, Father. (She kisses him. Indicating RONNIE) An honorable member described that this evening as a piteous little figure, crying aloud to humanity for justice and redress. I wish he could see him now.

ARTHUR (*Testily*): It's long past his bedtime. What's happened? Is the debate over?

CATHERINE: As good as. When I left all excitement had gone out of it. The First Lord gave an assurance that in future there would be no inquiry at the Naval Academy without informing the parents first. That seemed to satisfy most members—

ARTHUR: But what about *this* case? Is he going to allow us a fair trial?

CATHERINE: Apparently not.

ARTHUR: But that's iniquitous. I thought he would be forced to—

CATHERINE: I thought so, too. The House evidently thought otherwise

ARTHUR: Will there be a vote?

CATHERINE: There may be. If there is the Government will win. (Indicating sandwiches) Are these for me?

ARTHUR: Yes. (CATHERINE starts to eat sandwiches) So we're back where we started, then?

CATHERINE: The debate has aired the case a little, perhaps. A few more thousand people will say to each other at breakfast tomorrow: "That boy ought to be allowed a fair trial."

ARTHUR: What's the good of that, if they can't make themselves heard?

CATHERINE: I think they can—given time.

ARTHUR: Given time? (Pause) But didn't Sir Robert make any protest when the First Lord refused a trial?

CATHERINE: Not a verbal protest: something far more spectacular and dramatic. He uncoiled those long legs of his—he'd had his feet on the Treasury table and his hat over his eyes, during most of the First Lord's speech—and got up very deliberately. Then he glared

at the First Lord, threw a whole bundle of notes on the floor, and stalked out of the House. It made a magnificent effect. If I hadn't known I could have sworn he was genuinely indignant—

ARTHUR: Of course he was genuinely indignant. So would any man of feeling be—

CATHERINE: Sir Robert, Father dear, is not a man of feeling. I don't think any emotion at all can stir that fishy heart—

ARTHUR: Except perhaps a single-minded love of justice.

CATHERINE: Nonsense. A single-minded love of Sir Robert Morton.

ARTHUR: You're very ungrateful to him, considering all he's done for us these last months—

CATHERINE: I'm not ungrateful, Father. He's been wonderful—I admit it freely. No one could have fought a harder fight.

ARTHUR: Well, then—?

CATHERINE: It's only his motives I question. At least I *don't* question them at all. I know them.

ARTHUR: What are they?

CATHERINE: First—publicity—you know—look at me, the staunch defender of the little man—and then second—a nice popular stick to beat the Government with. Both very useful to an ambitious man. Luckily for him, we've provided them.

ARTHUR: Luckily for us, too, Kate.

CATHERINE: Oh, granted. But don't fool yourself about him, Father, for all that. The man is a fish, a hard, cold-blooded, supercilious, sneering fish. (VIOLET enters)

VIOLET (*Announcing*): Sir Robert Morton. (CATHERINE chokes over her sandwich SIR ROBERT comes in)

SIR ROBERT: Good evening.

CATHERINE (*Still choking*): Good evening.

SIR ROBERT: Something gone down the wrong way?

CATHERINE: Yes.

SIR ROBERT: May I assist? (He pats her on back)

CATHERINE: Thank you.

SIR ROBERT (*To ARTHUR*): Good evening, sir. I thought I would call and give you an account of the day's proceedings, but I see your daughter has forestalled me.

CATHERINE: Did you know I was in the gallery?

SIR ROBERT (*Gallantly*): With such a charming hat, how could I have missed you?

ARTHUR: It was very good of you to call, sir, nevertheless—

SIR ROBERT (*Seeing RONNIE*): Ah. The *casus belli*—dormant—

ARTHUR: Kate—wake him up.

SIR ROBERT: No, no. I beg of you.

He is a delightful boy, but a little rampagous. I imply no disparagement. All youngsters are, at that age, of course. But I think, none the less, that I prefer him—asleep.

ARTHUR: My daughter has told me of your demonstration during the First Lord's speech. She described it as—magnificent.

SIR ROBERT (*With a glance at CATHERINE*): Did she? That was good of her. It's a very old trick, you know. I've done it a hundred times in the courts. It's nearly always surprisingly effective—(*CATHERINE catches her father's eye and nods triumphantly. To CATHERINE*) Was the First Lord at all put out by it—did you notice?

CATHERINE: How could he have failed to be? (*To ARTHUR, approaching his chair*) I wish you could have seen it, Father—It was—(*She notices letter on table beside ARTHUR, and snatches it up with a sudden gesture. She examines envelope*) When did this come?

ARTHUR: A few minutes ago. Do you know the writing?

CATHERINE: Yes. (*She puts letter back on table*)

ARTHUR: Whose is it?

CATHERINE: I shouldn't bother to read it, if I were you. (*ARTHUR looks at her, puzzled, then takes up letter*)

ARTHUR (*To SIR ROBERT*): Will you forgive me?

SIR ROBERT: Of course. (*ARTHUR opens letter and begins to read. CATHERINE watches him for a moment, then turns with a certain forced liveliness to SIR ROBERT*)

CATHERINE: Well, what do you think the next step should be?

SIR ROBERT: I believe that perhaps the best plan would be to renew our efforts to get the Director of Public Prosecutions to act.

CATHERINE (*With one eye on her father*): But do you think there's any chance of that?

SIR ROBERT: Oh, yes. In the main, it will chiefly be a question of making ourselves a confounded nuisance—

CATHERINE: We've certainly done that quite successfully so far—

SIR ROBERT (*Suavely*): Ah. That is perhaps the only quality I was born with—the ability to make myself a confounded nuisance. (*He, too, has his eye on ARTHUR, sensing something amiss. ARTHUR finishes reading letter and lays it slowly on his lap*)

CATHERINE (*With false vivacity*): Father—Sir Robert thinks we might get the Director of Public Prosecutions to act—

ARTHUR: What?

SIR ROBERT: We were discussing how to proceed with the case—

ARTHUR: The case? (*He stares, a*

little blankly, from one to the other) Yes. We must think of that, mustn't we? (*Pause*) How to proceed with the case? (*To SIR ROBERT, abruptly*) I'm afraid I don't think, all things considered, that much purpose would be served by going on— (*SIR ROBERT and CATHERINE stare at him blankly. CATHERINE goes quickly to him and snatches letter from his lap. She begins to read*)

SIR ROBERT (*With a sudden change of tone*): Of course, we must go on.

ARTHUR (*In a low voice*): The choice is mine, sir.

SIR ROBERT (*Harshly*): Then you must reconsider it. To give up now would be insane

ARTHUR: Insane? My sanity has already been called in question tonight—for carrying the case as far as I have.

SIR ROBERT: Whatever the contents of that letter, sir—or whatever has happened to make you lose heart, I insist that we continue the fight—

ARTHUR: Insist? We? It is my fight, sir—my fight alone—and it is for me alone to judge when the time has come to give up.

SIR ROBERT (*Violently*): But why give up? Why? In Heaven's name, man, why give up?

ARTHUR (*Slowly*): I have made many sacrifices for this case. Some of them I had no right to make, but I made them, none the less. But there is a limit and I have reached it. I am sorry, Sir Robert. More sorry, perhaps, than you are, but the Winslow case is now closed.

SIR ROBERT: Balderdash! (*ARTHUR looks surprised. CATHERINE has read and re-read letter, and now breaks silence in a calm voice*)

CATHERINE: My father doesn't mean what he says, Sir Robert.

SIR ROBERT: I am glad to hear it.

CATHERINE: Perhaps I should explain this letter—

ARTHUR: No, Kate.

CATHERINE: Sir Robert knows so much about our family affairs, Father, I don't see it will matter much if he learns a little more. (*To SIR ROBERT*) This letter is from a certain Colonel Watherstone, who is the father of the man I'm engaged to. We've always known he was opposed to the case, so it really comes as no surprise. In it he says that our efforts to discredit the Admiralty in the House of Commons today have resulted merely in our making the name of Winslow a nation-wide laughing-stock. I think that's his phrase. (*She consults letter*) Yes. That's right. A nation-wide laughing-stock.

SIR ROBERT: I don't care for his English.

CATHERINE: It's not very good, is it?

He goes on to say that unless my father will give him a firm understanding to drop this—this (*She consults letter again*) whining and reckless agitation—I suppose he means the case—he will exert every bit of influence he has over his son to prevent him marrying me.

SIR ROBERT: I see. An ultimatum.

CATHERINE: Yes—but a pointless one.

SIR ROBERT: He has no influence over his son?

CATHERINE: Oh, yes. A little, naturally. But his son is of age, and his own master—

SIR ROBERT: Is he dependent on his father for money?

CATHERINE: He gets an allowance. But he can live perfectly well—we both can live perfectly well without it. (*Pause. SIR ROBERT stares hard at her, then turns abruptly to ARTHUR*)

SIR ROBERT: Well, sir?

ARTHUR: I'm afraid I can't go back on what I have already said. I will give you a decision in a few days—

SIR ROBERT: Your daughter seems prepared to take the risk—

ARTHUR: I am not. Not, at least, until I know how great a risk it is—

SIR ROBERT: How do you estimate the risk, Miss Winslow? (*Pause. CATHERINE is plainly scared*)

CATHERINE (*At length*): Negligible. (*SIR ROBERT stares at her again. She returns his glance defiantly. Pause*)

SIR ROBERT (*To ARTHUR*): I really must apologize to you, sir, for speaking to you as I did just now.

ARTHUR: Not at all, sir. You were upset at giving up the case—and, to be frank, I liked you for it—

SIR ROBERT (*With a deprecating gesture*): It was more, I fear, a matter of overstrained nerves. The House of Commons is a peculiarly exhausting place, you know. Too little ventilation, and far too much hot air—I really am most truly sorry, sir—

ARTHUR: Please—

SIR ROBERT (*Carelessly*): Of course, you must decide about the case as you wish. That really is a most charming hat, Miss Winslow—

CATHERINE: I'm glad you like it.

SIR ROBERT: It seems decidedly wrong to me that a lady of your political persuasion should be allowed to adorn herself with such a very feminine allurements. It really looks like trying to have the best of both worlds—

CATHERINE: I'm not a militant, you know, Sir Robert. I don't go about breaking shop windows.

SIR ROBERT (*Languidly*): I am truly glad to hear it. Both those activities would be highly unsuitable in that hat—(*CATHERINE glares at him, but suppresses an angry retort*) I have never yet fully grasped what active steps you

do take to propagate your cause, Miss Winslow.

CATHERINE (*Shortly*): I'm an organizing secretary at the West London Branch of the Woman's Suffrage Association. The work is voluntary and unpaid.

SIR ROBERT (*Murmuring*): Dear me! What sacrifices you young ladies seem prepared to make for your convictions—
(VIOLET enters)

VIOLET (*To CATHERINE*): Mr. Wath-erstone is in the hall, Miss. Says he would like to have a word with you in private—most particular—*(Pause)*

CATHERINE: Oh, I'll come out to him—

ARTHUR: No. See him in here. *(He begins to struggle out of his chair. SIR ROBERT assists him)* You wouldn't mind coming to the dining-room, would you, Sir Robert, for a moment? *(VIOLET, at a nod from CATHERINE, goes out)*

SIR ROBERT: Not in the least. *(JOHN comes in. He is looking anxious. CATHERINE greets him with a smile, which he returns only half-heartedly)*

CATHERINE: Hullo, John.

JOHN: Hullo *(To ARTHUR)* Good evening, sir.

ARTHUR: Good evening. *(He goes on towards dining-room)*

CATHERINE: I don't think you've met Sir Robert Morton?

JOHN: No, I haven't. How do you do, sir?

SIR ROBERT: How do you do? *(He sizes him up quickly)* May I offer my very belated congratulations?

JOHN: Congratulations? Oh, yes. Thank you, sir.

ARTHUR *(At door)*: Can I get you something, Sir Robert?

SIR ROBERT: Thank you, yes. That would be most welcome. *(ARTHUR and SIR ROBERT go into dining-room. There is a pause. CATHERINE is watching JOHN)*

JOHN *(Indicating RONNIE)*: Is he asleep?

CATHERINE: Yes.

JOHN: Sure he's not shamming?

CATHERINE: Yes.

JOHN *(After a pause)*: My father's written your father a letter.

CATHERINE: I know. I've read it.

JOHN: He showed it to me. *(Pause. JOHN is carefully not looking at her. At length)* Well, what's his answer?

CATHERINE: My father? I don't suppose he'll send one.

JOHN: You think he'll ignore it?

CATHERINE: Isn't that the best answer to blackmail?

JOHN *(Muttering)*: It was high-handed of the old man, I admit. The trouble is—he's perfectly serious.

CATHERINE: I never thought he wasn't.

JOHN: If your father does decide to go on with the case, I'm very much afraid he'll do everything he threatens.

CATHERINE: Forbid the match?

JOHN: Yes.

CATHERINE *(Almost pleadingly)*: Isn't that rather an empty threat, John?

JOHN *(Slowly)*: Well, there's always the allowance—

CATHERINE *(Dully)*: Yes, I see. There's always the allowance.

JOHN: I tell you Kate, darling, this is going to need careful handling; otherwise we'll find ourselves in the soup?

CATHERINE: Without your allowance would be we in the soup?

JOHN: And without your dowry? My dear old girl, of course we would. Dash it all, I can't even live on my pay as it is, but with two of us—

CATHERINE: I've heard it said that two can live as cheaply as one.

JOHN: Don't you believe it. Two can live as cheaply as two, and that's all there is to it.

CATHERINE: Yes, I see. I didn't know.

JOHN: Unlike you, I have a practical mind, Kate. I'm sorry, but it's no good dashing blindly ahead without thinking of these things first. The problem has got to be faced.

CATHERINE: I'm ready to face it, John. What do you suggest?

JOHN *(Cautiously)*: Well— I think you should consider very carefully before you take the next step—

CATHERINE: I can assure you we will, John. The question is—What is the next step?

JOHN: Well—this is the way I see it. I'm going to be honest now. I hope you don't mind—

CATHERINE: No. I should welcome it.

JOHN: Your kid brother over there pinches, or doesn't pinch, a five-bob postal order. For over a year you and your father fight a magnificent fight on his behalf, and I'm sure everyone admires you for it—

CATHERINE: Your father hardly seems to—?

JOHN: Well, he's a diehard. He's like the type you've been up against at the Admiralty. I meant ordinary reasonable people, like myself. But now look—you've had two inquiries, the Petition of Right case which the Admiralty had thrown out of Court, and the Appeal. And now, good Heavens, you've had the whole House of Commons getting themselves worked up into a frenzy about it. Surely, darling, that's enough for you? My God! Surely the case can end there?

CATHERINE *(Slowly)*: Yes. I suppose the case can end there.

JOHN *(Pointing to RONNIE)*: He won't mind.

CATHERINE: No. I know he won't.

JOHN: Look at him! Perfectly happy and content. Not a care in the world. How do you know what's going on in his mind? How can you be so sure he didn't do it?

CATHERINE *(Also gazing down at RONNIE)*: I'm not so sure he didn't do it.

JOHN *(Appalled)*: Good Lord! Then why in Heaven's name have you and your father spent all this time and money trying to prove his innocence?

CATHERINE *(Quietly)*: His innocence or guilt aren't important to me. They are to my father. Not to me. I believe he didn't do it; but I may be wrong. All that I care about is that people should know that a government department has ignored a fundamental human right, and that people should force it to acknowledge it. That's all that's important to me, John, but it is terribly important.

JOHN: But darling, after all those long noble words, it does really resolve itself to a question of a fourteen-year-old kid and a five-bob postal order, doesn't it?

CATHERINE: Yes, it does.

JOHN *(Reasonably)*: Well now, look. There's a European war blowing up, there's a coal strike on, there's a fair chance of civil war in Ireland, and there's a hundred and one other things on the horizon at the moment that I think you genuinely could call *important*. And yet, with all that on its mind, the House of Commons takes a whole day to discuss him *(Pointing to sofa)* and his beastly postal order. Surely you must see that's a little out of proportion—? *(Pause. CATHERINE raises her head slowly.)*

CATHERINE *(With some spirit)*: All I know is, John, that if ever the time comes that the House of Commons has so much on its mind that it can't find time to discuss a Ronnie Winslow and his beastly postal order, this country will be a far poorer place than it is now. *(Wearily)* But you needn't go on, John dear, you've said quite enough. I entirely see your point of view.

JOHN: Well, perhaps there is just one thing I ought to mention. I haven't said anything about it up to now because I didn't want to upset you. But it's this I don't know whether you realize that all this publicity you're getting is making the name of Winslow a bit of a well—

CATHERINE *(Steadily)*: A nationwide laughing-stock, your father said.

JOHN: Well, that's putting it a bit steep. But people do find the case a bit ridiculous, you know. I mean, I got chaps coming up to me in the mess all the time and saying: "I say, is it true you're going to marry the Winslow girl?"

By gosh, old man, you'd better be careful. You'll find yourself up in front of the House of Lords for pinching the Adjutant's bath." Things like that. They're not awfully funny—

CATHERINE: Yes. I see. (*Quietly*) Do you want to marry me, John?

JOHN: What?

CATHERINE: I said: do you want to marry me?

JOHN: Well, of course I do. You know I do. We've been engaged a year now. Have I ever wavered before?

CATHERINE: No. Never before.

JOHN (*Correcting himself*): I'm not wavering now. Not a bit—I'm only telling you what I think is the best course for us to take.

CATHERINE: But isn't it already too late? Even if we gave up the case, would you still want to marry—the Winslow girl?

JOHN: All that would die down in a couple of weeks.

CATHERINE (*Slowly*): And we'd have the allowance—

JOHN: Yes. We would.

CATHERINE: And that's so important—

JOHN (*Quietly*): It is, darling, I'm sorry, but you can't shame me into saying it isn't.

CATHERINE: I didn't mean to shame you—

JOHN: Oh yes, you did. I know that tone of voice.

CATHERINE (*Humbly*): I'm sorry.

JOHN (*Confidently*): Well, now—what's the answer?

CATHERINE (*Slowly*): The answer?

You know quite well what the answer is, John. I've told it to you often enough. I love you and want to be your wife. Do you need another answer?

JOHN: No. That's quite good enough for me. Quite good enough. Darling! I was sure nothing so stupid and trivial could possibly come between us. (*He kisses her. She responds wearily. Telephone rings. After a pause she releases herself and picks up receiver*)

CATHERINE: Hullo . . . Yes . . . Will you hold on? (*She goes to dining-room door and calls*) Sir Robert! Someone wants you on the telephone—(*SIR ROBERT comes out of dining-room*)

SIR ROBERT: Thank you. I'm so sorry to interrupt.

CATHERINE: You didn't. We'd finished our talk. (*SIR ROBERT looks at her inquiringly. She gives him no sign. He walks to telephone*)

SIR ROBERT (*Noticing sandwiches*): How delicious. May I help myself?

CATHERINE: Do.

SIR ROBERT (*Into receiver*): Hello . . . Yes, Michael . . . F.E.? I didn't know he was going to speak . . . I see . . . Go on . . . (*The man at other end of line speaks for some time. SIR ROBERT listens with closed eyelids, munching a sandwich, meanwhile. At length*) Thank you, Michael. (*He rings off. ARTHUR has appeared in dining-room doorway. To ARTHUR*) There has been a most interesting development in the House, sir.

ARTHUR: What?

SIR ROBERT: It appears that a bar-rister friend of mine who, quite unknown to me, was interested in the case, got on his feet shortly after nine-thirty and delivered one of the most scathing denunciations of a government department ever heard in the House. (*To CATHERINE*) What a shame we missed it. His style is really quite superb—I am one of his most ardent admirers—

ARTHUR: Never mind that, sir. What happened?

SIR ROBERT: The debate revived, of course, and the First Lord, who must have felt himself fairly safe, suddenly found himself under attack from all parts of the House. My secretary tells me that rather than risk a vote of confidence he has this moment given an undertaking that he will instruct the Attorney-General to endorse our Petition of Right. The case of Winslow versus Rex can now therefore come to court. (*There is a pause. ARTHUR and CATHERINE stare at him unbelievably. At length*) Well, sir, what are my instructions?

ARTHUR (*Slowly*): The decision is no longer mine, sir. You must ask my daughter.

SIR ROBERT: What are my instructions, Miss Winslow? (*CATHERINE goes slowly to sofa and looks down at the sleeping RONNIE. ARTHUR is at other end of sofa, watching her intensely. SIR ROBERT, in the middle, munching sandwiches, is also looking at her*)

CATHERINE (*In a flat voice*): Do you need any instructions, Sir Robert? Aren't they already on the Petition? Doesn't it say: Let Right Be Done? (*JOHN makes a move of protest toward her. She does not look at him. He turns abruptly to door*)

JOHN (*Furiously*): Good-night, Kate. (*He goes out. SIR ROBERT, with an attitude of languid speculation, watches him go*)

SIR ROBERT: Well, then—we must endeavor to see that it is.

CURTAIN

SYNOPSIS OF ACT IV

Four months later, Ronnie's case comes to trial. The postmistress of the Naval Academy admits under cross-examination that she cannot identify Ronnie positively as the boy who cashed the money order. Before the trial is over the Attorney-General announces that the Admiralty is prepared to accept Ronnie Winslow's statement that he did *not* steal the money order. The family has been impoverished and socially ostracized, but Arthur's belief in democratic ideals is triumphantly justified.

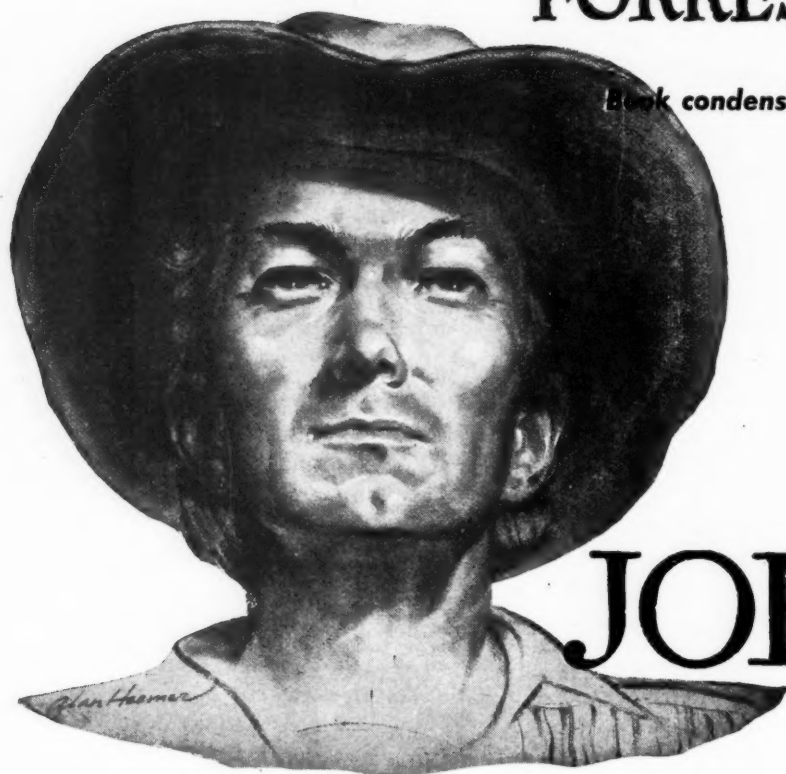


Vandamm

Arthur in Act IV: "It is the people who have triumphed."

A Novel by FORRESTER BLAKE

Book condensation in the author's own words



JOHNNY

Author's Note

Johnny Christmas, individualist, free rover of mountains and deserts, symbolizes the frontiersmen who knew the West as well as any early scout, but who unlike Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, left no personal traces of their passage. He stands, I hope, as one American challenge to the defeatist philosophies of today.

Los Vientos

Under his saddle blanket, Johnny Christmas stirred as a hand pressed his shoulder. Opening his eyes warily, he lay without movement, focusing on the figure above him. Weatherby, he thought. Ragged, black-bearded, dirty old Weatherby. Always playing favorites; always letting some men sleep, like Willie Epps, and waking others for night work. Johnny muttered and stretched his cramped legs. In the Texas moonlight, that April, 1836, Weatherby, half-leaning on his flintlock, stared at a knob west of the creek camp and made his decision.

"Hit up on the knob and look around.

Condensed by permission of William Morrow and Co. from *Johnny Christmas*, by Forrester Blake Copyright 1948 by Forrester Blake.

Watch the southwest. If you see anything, don't start nothin'."

Johnny kicked off his blanket. He was twenty years old, sandy-haired, thin-faced, his six-foot body as hard and flat as a latigo strap. Against his saddle tree his own Hawken rifle lay at a shallow angle, its thick octagonal barrel sending off silver glints in the moonlight. In the same cache were his other weapons and equipment, a powderhorn, cap-and-ball pistol, knife, shot-pouch, hat, and canteen, heavy articles that he collected before going over to his picketed horse.

Johnny put his roan gelding over the creek bank. To some men, abrupt descent into the solitude and wildness of great space might well have been frightening. To Johnny, native of the older Tennessee frontier, it was friendly, giving room for action, speed, safety.

A quarter-mile from the creek Johnny dismounted, left his roan protected below skyline, and went forward. He searched the line, the bald peaks, and the shimmering basin between. Had a Mexican military patrol, or a Comanche war-party, or even a single enemy scout been passing close by, he would have detected some sign. But there was nothing that midnight.

Off there somewhere was Los Vien-

tos, old Mexican trail town and in that spring of 1836 one of Santa Ana's most northerly war outposts on the Rio Piedra. Weatherby had warned that the place was a strong-point. Surprise, Weatherby had said—a fast night raid—was the way to get at it.

Johnny thought of Weatherby. Johnny had been in the Texas desert two years. Of that time he had ridden with Weatherby and Epps and Tom Gitt and the rest of them, maybe six months. They had met accidentally at a trail-side deadfall on Pear Creek, and Johnny had congratulated himself, then, on a strong run of luck.

Not that Weatherby was not a good man in some ways. He was an expert at trailing, careful, smart-working, rough, and as hard-riding as any. But he was shifty-eyed, too, a sharp dealer, ready to cut any man's throat. "Wax," they all called him. He was always preaching about Sam Houston and Texas and how fine the Independent Republic of Texas would be. There was never a talker like Wax. Never a talker, and never a liar. Loot and cold cash, Mex or American: that was what talked. Weatherby was coyote-sly, and the pickings on his raids were good.

Aware suddenly of movement behind him, Johnny turned. He could hear the

chink of bit-rings, the creak of saddles straining at horsehair girths. Johnny calculated each man's part in the raid. War? The Texas war for independence? Yes, that was what the big augers called it. Not a man in that line but hated Santa Ana and his Mexicans, hated their talk, the way they killed. But there was something more, Johnny knew, in these riders. They were freebooters. Without war, they would still have been raiding.

Johnny sought his long-legged Tennessee-bred roan, broke at a lope from the wash, and, coming in from the flank, skirmished like a wild one into the bunch.

It was late, after three in the morning, when the riders, twenty-eight in number, reached the Rio Piedra and dismounted. Weatherby stood quietly gazing out over the river.

"Sound asleep," Weatherby said,

eyeing the Mexican town. "Not a light in the place. Reckon anybody's home? Santy Any, you reckon?"

There was laughter, but no one spoke. Weatherby went on:

"Maybe a hundred and fifty people, all told. There won't be much to get, outside the stores and the town hall."

Weatherby turned to the diminutive Epps. "Willie, keep close to the river. Sneak past them houses and get as close to the courthouse as you can. Right on the plaza. Then, when the fireworks begin, make a run for it."

In the shadows another frontiersman stirred. Though said to have come from Indiana, the timbered hill land above the Ohio, Tom Gitt had never admitted the fact. A tall man of graceful, light frame, in middle age, he was taciturn and inclined to keep strictly to himself. Little was known about him, at all, except that he had spoken of trapping beaver in the Rocky Mountains, and

that, with the long flint-lock rifle, few men were his equal. Weatherby showed Gitt considerable respect.

"Everybody got everything straight?"

"Straight as a die, Wax."

"All right. Hit 'em hard. And good luck."

In the sage the horsemen split, Johnny riding with Epps and eight others.

From the shadow of an orchard wall, Johnny looked out upon the plaza. Beyond the plaza was the church. To right and left of the church, were the principal points of attack, the Martinez store and town hall.

Somewhere a dog barked unexpectedly. The effect upon the men behind the wall was immediate. The click of hammers, drawn full back, was like the clicking of teeth in the near stillness.

In a house not thirty yards away, the first reaction took place. A door opened and a head outlined itself against the moon-pale adobe.

Inch by inch, the Mexican moved into the open. There sure enough, Johnny thought, was a gun in his hands, an old Spanish scatter-gun worthless for game bigger than rabbits and quail. When a real rifle spoke—it was Beecher

Y CHRISTMAS



Johnny stepped in, slashing at the soldier in wild and silent fury.

shooting, under a pear tree—it was like a whirlwind striking feathers.

In the doorway, a woman screamed. Soon somebody came out, a boy of eighteen. He bent down, sobbing "Padre! Padre mio!" then jumped for the scatter-gun. Bart Gavin shot him. Then Epps sang out, "Hit it boys!"

Johnny rounded an adobe at the northeast plaza corner, and raced across to the alcalde's office. Southward the night action was booming. Additional raiders swept into the plaza. Weatherby was among them.

Within, the town hall was pitch-black. As he probed deeper into the blackness, Johnny listened to talk between Epps and Weatherby.

"There ain't nothin' in here," Weatherby said petulantly. "Where's that Johnny Christmas? I seen him come in."

Johnny answered in kind. "Right here I am."

"Find anything?"

"It might be. But you better look for yourself."

Weatherby, with Epps on his heels, hustled into the storeroom. He pawed about, feeling not only powder kegs and guns but flat, smooth, cold disks which he knew to be lead.

Weatherby, impatient, supervised the loading. When all had been carried out, he scanned the men still on guard in the plaza.

"Beecher!"

"Yeah, Wax!"

"Hustle it up! I want you to drive the first wagon!"

When he had come half-way and was lumbering eagerly forward, full in the moonlight, a gun cracked. Beecher faltered and sank to the ground. A second shot rang out. Throughout the plaza, yells went up. Men pressed against their mounts or dashed for safety.

Under pear trees heavy with the scent of blossoms and April wood sap, Johnny shivered a little. His escape had been narrow. Nothing, the wild country had taught him, could live without fear. No thing had ever walked the earth, or flown above it, or burrowed in it, without facing crisis and terror.

His trail took him to the north wall of the church. Paying no attention to the windows, he tested the door-latch. It lifted easily.

Light, filtering through the colored windows of nave and sides, spread like mist through the vaulted room, bringing into gray relief the lines of prayer benches, the altar with its tapestry and candlesticks, the religious santos set in niches, even the soaring,

hand-carved beams of the ceiling and the huge portraits, done in dark, cracked oils, which filled the space between the pedestals. Upon Johnny, the effect of the room was profound. By the altar rail he stood stock-still.

Moving warily, Johnny approached a staircase leading to the choir loft. As he did so a sound caught his ear. At the altar rail a figure was crouching, small and familiarly compact. Johnny grinned as he recognized him.

"Lookin' for somebody, Epps?"

The little frontiersman jumped.

Epps gauged the size of the tapestries, then tore one from its pegs and carried it to the altar. There he spread the cloth flat and began tossing onto it candlesticks and other ornaments of value.

"What you doin' Epps?"

The pile on the tapestry was growing. "Come on, come on!" Epps snapped. "Everything's silver. Silver and gold. I bet Weatherby didn't expect nothin' like this."

Johnny's surprise turned to contempt and disgust. "Put 'em back, Epps."

Epps paid no attention.

"I said put 'em back."

Epps stopped, glancing up in exasperation. "Say," he answered, "what is this? Are you foolin'?"

"Not me," Johnny told him. "I just ain't robbin' churches, that's all."

Epps sat back, grinning. "Well," he said, "if that don't take the cake. You know, boy, I been watchin' you. You're gettin' a mite too big for your britches."

Johnny stepped forward and sent Epps sprawling. Before the little raider could regain his balance, he faced a cap-and-ball pistol.

Johnny stared at him. "I don't want no trouble, Epps. Just put them things back like I told you."

Epps complied, grudgingly. "I'm warnin' you, Christmas, I ain't forgettin'. No man livin' can do me like this."

"Watch yourself, then. I got friends in this outfit, Tom Gitt for one. But you don't need to worry. I'm pullin' stakes when we get to Bent's."

Bent's Fort

In rain and unseasonable cold, for it was but the first of September, 1836, a trail party broke through timber to a ford, heedlessly crossed channels and quicksand bars, and, under gray clouds that had brought sunset early, made for a square and ugly structure visible beyond the north river bank. It was with the urgency of men fleeing from some peril more vicious than the heaviest prairie storm, that they clattered past the curious watchers at the gate.

On every side, as Weatherby, Epps, Johnny Christmas, Gitt, and other men from the Texas desert celebrated arrival at Bent's, figures appeared. Some buckskin-clad or heavily blanketed, and three or four surprisingly in the uniforms of United States dragoons, they slipped out of fort doorways and gathered about the travelers and their mud-spattered ponies. Among them one man in particular, a full-bearded frontiersman, watched the newcomers for a time with cool, almost skeptical interest, letting the commotion die down before drawling:

"Gitt, man, what are you doin'?"

Gitt straightened, as if unable to credit his ears.

"Fraser!" He whirled to shake hands. "Am I glad to see you!"

"Same here." Unhurriedly Fraser signaled an old Mexican, mustached and as dark of face as scorched wood. "Martin, show these boys where to drop their outfits, will you? We close up tight here after sundown, Tom. I expect you know why."

"Trouble south."

"Trouble and more." Significantly Fraser nodded toward the iron-plated gates, topped with a watch-tower, belfry, flagstaff, and swiveled spyglass. "There's a war on between the Kiowas south and the Cheyennes and 'Rapa-hoes north of the river." Having completed his warning, Fraser added: "Come on, Gitt, I hear the supper bell. You and me got talkin' to do."

"Wait a minute!" Epps, his eyes hot at the manner in which he had been ignored, stepped out from his mount. "Remember me, Fraser?"

Fraser grunted. "Who in God's name could help it? What's your business, Epps?"

"Now look, Fraser. If you're thinkin' about them Bayou furs, forget 'em! We didn't have no contract. Remember that. First come, first served!"

"A man's word's his contract. Leastwise as far as I'm concerned, Epps."

Thrusting his hands into his belt, Epps laughed. "You tickle me, Fraser—you and your lawyer talk. Just because you got left! Where's Bent? I'll see him."

"Bent's in Taos."

"Who's in charge here, anyhow?"

Fraser's grin was elaborate. "No traps for you, Epps! Not as long as I'm in charge. And you won't get 'em at Taos and you won't get 'em at Vrain." Fraser, careful to keep his position clear, repeated his welcome to the train as a whole. "The rest of you boys," he said, "Martin'll fix you up."

Gitt hesitated. "I got a young feller here. My pardner—Johnny Christmas. . . ."

Fraser's appraisal was brief. "Well, bring him along. Looks like all you boys could stand something to eat."

"Had enough, Johnny?"

"Yes. Thanks! I ain't had a meal like that . . . well, not since I can remember."

Fraser was pleased. He fixed round, light-blue eyes on Johnny and spoke in a cooler voice:

"Gitt's been tellin' me about Texas, Johnny. I hear I ain't the only one to have trouble with Epps."

"No," Johnny nodded innocently, "I don't reckon you are."

"There's this about it. This fort's a business proposition with us, young feller. We're up to our necks right now outfittin' men and sendin' 'em west. This is neutral ground, you might say. When a man comes in here he leaves his grudges behind. We've got a strict

them dragoons, Fraser," he said. "They kind of surprised me."

"Accordin' to the story, they started out from Leavenworth or somewhere and cut up South Platte to the Front Range, then come back down by the Arkansas. That's when they hit here. Just sashayin', they said. Impressin' the Indians." Fraser grunted his scorn. "There's something about a uniform people don't like in this country."

"I know what you mean," Gitt said. "What are they doin'? Which way are they headed?"

"I wish I could tell you. Mackey, the lieutenant in charge, just blew in about a week ago and took over, or he thinks he has. Commandeered a whole room for himself, when we're crowded anyhow, and told me what supplies he had to have, what accommodations for thirty men, and even how he wanted his horses taken care of. Can you tie that?" Fraser reddened.

Gitt spoke bluntly. "Looks to me like a little fancy pryin'. There's lots of country west of here. And it'd be strictly on the quiet."

Fraser showed uneasiness at the remark. "Mackey's outfit was the worst off that I ever seen, bar none. He's been tradin' for remounts here and on Short Timber since he got in."

Gitt, noting Johnny's glumness, made haste to change the subject. "Speakin' of business, Johnny," he said, "we sure picked up some good news. Fraser here says he'll stake us to our outfit—traps, powder, grub, everything, just like I told you. And not only that. We got friends up the river."

Johnny waited, slumped in his chair. "Yeah? Who are they?"

"Utes. Right out of Saguache. That's the San Luis. Tabby's with 'em. He's the very man we been lookin' for."

Fraser smiled. "He'll show you around, Johnny. He'll be in at the fort in the mornin' and you can meet him. Just stick close to Gitt here and Tabby and you'll not only see things, you'll make out mighty nice."

Saying goodnight to Gitt, whose haggard face and tired eyes revealed the true effect of the desert ride, Johnny lingered for a while in the Bent plaza. Thinking abruptly, however, of fresh water for his roan, he went directly on to the corral.

A little to his surprise he found that other men had had the same idea, congregating in the corral for a last smoke and talk before turning in.

As he moved on to the corral center, discovering his roan in a cluster of saddle-stock, one of the figures detached itself from the wall and followed him. Johnny noted the square-cut

jacket, trousers, and curious high boots of a dragoon.

"Lookin' for something?" the soldier said, not unpleasantly.

"No." Johnny was cautious. "Just thought I'd go water my horse. Why?"

"Just askin'. We got our own horses in here, remount stuff we been pickin' up around the camps."

"Well," Johnny shrugged, smoothing the roan's back and rump. "That's your business, I reckon."

"Yeah. Say." The soldier peered more closely. "I remember you. You was with that bunch come in late this afternoon. I been wantin' to talk to you, kid. The first time I set eyes on that roan I said to myself: 'Now, that's what I call real cavalry stock!'"

"He ain't cavalry stock," Johnny said. "What's more, he ain't goin' to be."

"Look out, Sarge!" A new voice, unmistakably that of Willie Epps, came tauntingly from the corral wall. "You're too close. Christmas'll kill you if you touch that roan horse!"

Amid the laughter, the dragoon sergeant stood in his tracks. His broad face was uncertain. "Just what was he talkin' about?" he demanded.

Johnny looked at the sergeant and Epps, shook his head in disgust, and went on about his business. "Forget it," he advised. "I wouldn't pay no attention to a plain fool."

"What's the matter, Johnny, afraid of a little dicker?" Epps questioned. "Afraid the army might outsmart you?"

"Epps!" Johnny took a step toward the wall, then stopped, remembering Fraser's warning. "No!" he called, almost good-humoredly. "The army outsmart me? You'll have to do better than that, Epps! The roan ain't for sale, soldier, and never will be. I'll be sayin' goodnight."

"Well here, wait a minute!" The sergeant was eager again. "You haven't give me a good chance to look!"

"Look all you want to. But there ain't any price."

"Sleep tight!" Epps said.

"If I'm awake before noon," Johnny said, "I'll get the rooster that does it!"

Next morning, finding no sign of Gitt in the patio and no hospitable smoke-streak, indicative of a good breakfast fire, rising above Fraser's quarters on the south side, Johnny wandered in the direction of the corral. He passed through the corral gate and, failing to notice the dragoon guard who followed his movements with a sudden cynical interest, picked up saddle and bridle in preparation for a ride out to look at creek camps.

Not until he had approached quite close, holding his gear high to keep



Tom Gitt was Johnny's friend.

rule about liquor, and we don't take kindly to gunplay."

Johnny gulped in surprise. Gitt laughed and made a hurried reply: "Johnny ain't after gunplay, Fraser. You can bank on that."

Johnny returned Fraser's gaze. "That depends," he said quietly. "I ain't out lookin' for trouble. But I ain't side-steppin' in case they start something."

Fraser's answer came instantly, in open friendship. "That's good enough for me," he said. "We're tryin' to do business with the Mexicans—that's Mexican territory just across the river—and God knows how many Indian camps. At the same time we got to keep our eyes on sharpers like Epps. With this Kiowa—Rapaho ruckus and these picture-book soldiers that just showed up, we don't want anything more on our hands."

At mention of the soldiers seen in the patio, Gitt glanced up, showing particular interest.

"I been intendin' to ask you about

the straps from dragging, did he become aware of a change in the roan. At the same time the dragoon left his position and shuffled over, calling out brusquely:

"Hey you, kid, keep away from that roan!"

The brand on the roan's shoulder—that mark containing simply the two letters, US—was ragged but legible, a fresh burn. Johnny stared at it. He let his saddle sink to the ground then and turned to meet the dragoon.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" The soldier, armed with pistol and knife, hissed the white-faced figure before him. "Keep away from that roan! You fool, that's government property!"

Without a word Johnny struck, awkwardly but with all the strength at his command. As the soldier, caught full on the jaw, lurched back, Johnny stepped in, slashing him in wild and silent fury and leveling kicks which smashed the hand groping for weapons. Suddenly men were all about him, dragoons striking him with arms like blue clubs, Fraser shouting, Gitt and a strange, stubby, flat-faced Indian yelling at him, shaking their heads, trying to drive him back and choke him and pinion his elbows.

"Johnny! Johnny!" Gitt's voice was harsh and high-pitched. "Boy, stop it! You'll kill him!" Johnny scowled and kept on, using his fists and square boot-heels. What did Gitt think? What would any man think. That shoulder mark, black and shining; those words of last night, "Sleep tight!" Every fragment was clear. Epps. Willie Epps, and Weatherby, and that triple-striped dragoon sergeant had known all the time. They had branded the roan while he slept.

Eventually, they pulled him away. Coming up, Fraser confronted him, outraged. "You crazy hot-head!" he yelled. "I warned you last night! Now look at you! You got us all in the soup!"

As Johnny returned the look, feeling hatred for Fraser and for every man there, Gitt, quick to see causes, ran to the roan. It was Gitt who, coming back, replied:

"Wait a minute, Fraser! There's something queer about this." Gitt's eyes were concerned. "Johnny," he said, "did you sell you roan horse?"

Johnny's face was bruised and he was bleeding at the lips. "What a question to ask!" he mocked.

Anger flashed in Gitt's eyes, and passed. "The boy's been framed, Fraser. I'd swear to that." Gitt turned to the dragoon who had been disarmed and was standing by scowling bloodily. "What do you know about this?"

"Who are you?" the dragoon retorted.

"I got my orders. He come over and started to steal the roan and call me names. I wouldn't take it."

Gitt, glancing toward the main section of the fort, lifted his hand in warning. "Looks like we got company—just like I expected."

Two men, one of private military rank, the other clad in the more ornate uniform of an officer of dragoons, were in the act of setting out across the patio. Midway to the corral they stopped, the officer, having discovered the group ahead, questioning his companion at some length and then nodding as if well satisfied with the replies. Presently he advanced at an unhurried pace, his short body, trim and of medium weight, completely overshadowed by the orderly.

As the officer stepped through the gate a subtle change came over him. Tightening the set of his shoulders, he pulled in his chin and walked more stiffly, in parade ground fashion.

Snapping to attention, the dragoons stared into space and saluted, receiving in return a quick, nondescript gesture of recognition. Fraser, his face ill-concealing hostility, said:

"Mackey, there's been a little difference of opinion here. I don't think it's anything serious, though. Just a little mistake. Nothin' that can't be straightened out."

Mackey replied without turning. "I have already been advised, thank you, Mr. Fraser. Now, Johnson I want your side of the story."

"Yes, sir!" The dragoon spoke eagerly. "It's like I was tellin' 'em, sir. I was just standin' here, carryin' out orders, just like you told me, sir, when all of a sudden this feller they're holdin' comes up to me and begins to call me names about one of our horses, sir. Then he starts in fightin' and kickin' before I knowed what was goin' on."

"That's about the rawest lie I ever heard." Fraser spoke grimly, convinced, and deeply regretting his treatment of Johnny.

The officer rocked on his heels for a moment, smiled, then said: "I feel, Mr. Fraser, that I am not concerned with what occurred between these two men. Clashes are all too frequent between soldiers and, shall we say, wandering, undisciplined, and untrustworthy individuals of this type. You state that you have witnesses. It would be extremely difficult to establish the facts in the case. However, there is one piece of evidence which seems clear enough. The horse carries a government mark, ample proof of ownership. I should say, in any circumstance."

Fraser reddened. "Not if the boy didn't sell," he said.

"What do you mean by that?" Mackey snapped. "Are you questioning the presence of the mark, Mr. Fraser?" Mackey's manner had changed. His lips had tightened and he was standing squarely to the front.

"Certainly, Mr. Fraser, you don't expect me to accept unreliable statements," Mackey said crisply. "If it's easy to brand an unbranded horse, it's easier to lie. All purchase memoranda are in my files. If you care to come to my quarters, Mr. Fraser, we can have a look at them."

One by one the memorandum sheets were examined and discarded, settling like leaves from a branch. The silence was broken only by the rustle of paper. Fraser stood close over the table, his arms folded. Gitt, to one side, leaned forward a little. The Ute, Tabby, hovered near the patio doorway, while Johnny, his face and eyes expressionless, merely slouched.

Eventually Mackey stopped, holding a paper for a longer time before him. He read and re-read the memorandum until satisfied, then shifted his gaze, singling out Johnny and staring at him. He returned to the memorandum and read:

August 29. Short Timber. Purchase—five ponies—remount stock. Three bays. One paint. One blue roan—muzzle blaze—fourteen hands. Left foreleg, white stocking foot.

Signed: Kenyon—Sgt.

"August twenty-ninth." Mackey looked again at his orderly. "Three days ago. You filed this memorandum as soon as it was handed to you?"

"Yes, sir!" The dragoon was positive.

Mackey tipped back in his chair. "I don't believe, Mr. Fraser," he said, "that there can be any mistake. The description of the horse is accurate—proof, I should say, that is entirely conclusive."

Spitting deliberately on the dirt floor, Johnny went on to address Mackey: "What do I care about your paper? My mark ain't on it. I ain't never seen this fort before; never knowed a soul in it, soldiers or anybody else, before last night. Yet I come in here and this mornin' I've got my horse stole." Johnny's voice became tighter, and his lips quivered. "If you think I'm goin' to stand here and lose the best horse I got in a frame-up, you're a whole lot crazier'n I think you are."

Mackey had risen, his face white.

"Mr. Fraser, if this man isn't . . ."

Johnny cut him short. "Don't worry," he said. "I didn't come here because I wanted to. I wouldn't stick around a

place like this for love nor money."

Gitt came over with quick strides and stood beside Johnny.

"What are you goin' to do?" Fraser asked.

"Pull out," Gitt answered. "Quick. If you and Martin'll get them traps ready, and grub, I'll sign for 'em. Tabby'll catch up with the horses."

An hour later, trail packs had been tied. Without a word, Johnny mounted a piebald Indian pony and sat glaring at his saddle-tree. Before mounting his own horse, Tom Gitt stalked across the patio to Mackey's quarters, entering without announcing himself.

"I've heard about you from Fraser, Mackey," Gitt said. "You're young, high-handed. That's a dangerous thing in this country. I'm tellin' you straight. If you ain't in on this deal, you'll clear it up quick. Get that mark off and turn the roan over to Fraser. If it ain't free and clear by the time we get back, we'll be lookin' for you, Johnny and me. And we'll find you if it takes us ten years."

Upper Arkansas

On the evening of that day, only the slimmest watch had been set. This was Ute country, Johnny remembered Gitt's saying. Their campfires, Johnny noted, were recklessly big, their evening meals prodigious in the amounts of fresh meat consumed. But there was also solemnity as they had neared their home region. Already the ceremonial pipe had been passed: already the blue, thin smoke, the Ute prayer smoke, had been blown to the winds.

In the darkness Gitt glanced at Johnny. "I got it all figured. We'll do our fall trappin', then come December we'll take a paseo to Bent's. Fraser'll have things cleared up by that time, and Mackey'll be out of the way. We'll trade our furs and pay what we owe, pick up the roan, and come on back and forget 'em. How does that sound?"

"Good," Johnny nodded.

It was in the second week of September that they came to the great headwater bend of the Arkansas.

Against hills and timber, fires were seen. Saguache! The word was like wind, a wild music, rising swiftly and blowing as swiftly away. Utes rode hunched after that, singing, exhorting. But the trail was still long. It was black-dark before the hills moved in close, fires burned their reddest, and the lodges of a Ute village stood tall in the glow.

Confusion spread, as the pack-train came in. For many minutes horsemen had ridden the flanks, madly wheeling and yelling. Now squaws and children,

and yapping Indian dogs, appeared. Earing his pony, Johnny kept close to Gitt. But Gitt was like Tabby, gesturing, shouting greeting in Ute. Even as Johnny watched, Gitt dismounted and walked grinning to a fat, grinning squaw in the throng. Next, two chubby boys were tossed high and chucked under the chin. Then Gitt, turning to Johnny, burst into laughter. "Get down, get down," he roared. "Make yourself at home! It's like I done told you—Henrietta's got supper ready!"

Saguache

Johnny awoke and looked at the triangular patch of blue sky above him. For the first time in his life, he realized, he had spent the night in a tepee. Gitt—Tom Gitt. They had come all the way from Texas, Johnny told himself, all through fighting and desert, and still

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### About the author . . .

• For many of his 36 years, Forrester Blake has chased around the West, partly on horseback, mostly by "struggle-buggy," a 1929 Model-A Ford coupe, which he considers the best means of Western transportation between prairie schooner and jeep. He has camped on most of the old trails. Between trips he has studied at the University of Michigan and the University of Denver, where he took his master's degree. He now lives in Denver.

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there had been no word about a wife.

"Gitt!" Johnny sat up. "Roll out. You and me got talkin' to do!"

Going out, Johnny slipped a hair-rope halter on his own pony, then walked with Gitt down among tepees to the creek ford and watering-place. Like a miniature Arkansas the Saguache poured down from timber and passed on to lose itself in the sage. This was the short view. What lay to eastward, across valley space, drove all else from Johnny's mind. Gitt was talking about it.

Sangre de Cristo. Johnny had heard that name but not until that moment had he understood its true meaning. It was the Blood of Christ, the high and legendary Mountains of the Blood of Christ. Far across San Luis park they lay, mountains drowned in redness. A hundred miles of mountains, drenched in the blood-color, glowing, shimmering, showing flecks of white, blood-tinted snow, in the vermilion. It was as if dawn itself had seen battle, as if the eastern sky, roiled and stirred by conflicts out of human hearing, had bled upon those mountains.

"What lays to the west?" Johnny asked.

"Nothin'. Mountains. Hot-springs. Then you run into mesas and it's Navajo country."

"When you think we'll be hittin' to Taos?"

Gitt glanced at Johnny in surprise. "We'll be headin' north and east, not south, till December." Gitt paused, his expression troubled. "What's the matter, Johnny?" he asked. "Don't you like Saguache?"

"Sure!" Johnny's reply was perhaps too hurried. "But I've been wonderin'—you and Henrietta and them kids. . . . Well, it just ain't for me."

"I don't know just exactly what you mean by that," Gitt said. "But look. A white trapper comes in, see. He's lookin' for trade and a way to keep his scalp while he's gettin' that trade. He wants in solid, see: straight up with the head man and all the rest of the tribe. What's the answer? That's the only way in this country."

September days were full days. The Gitt lodge became more and more cluttered, it seemed to Johnny, as Henrietta cooked, sewed buckskins, and packed, as the boys romped, and as the two white men made preparations for trapping.

One evening, a Taos party trailed in. Gitt seemed to know men in the party. They were the Montoya brothers, he told Johnny. Big ranchers and land-owners in the del Norte country. They were sheepmen from way back, with a grant from some Spanish king. Their main ranch, Gitt had heard, lay somewhere to the southeast of Taos. They were hard operators, hard on their stock and hard on their men. Fancy-dressers; big-livers. Pirates. Throat-cutters. They rode fast and handsome, keeping other Mexicans down and ranging their sheep beyond their grants.

Johnny hung close to the Taos party. He was fascinated by their equipment, their saddle-stock, and by the atmosphere of their camp. On the whole, Johnny concluded, the del Norte Mexicans were solidly settled and rich. All, that is, except the packers, *los peones*, Gitt called them, *ancianos*, the old men of the camp. Neglected, ragged, often without footwear, they seemed to be outcasts among their own people, no better than slaves. Yet, to Johnny, they were wonderful men. In halting Spanish he spoke to one of them, a wrinkled, gentle, almost saintly-faced Mexican named Juan Gutierrez, drawing him out. Juan Gutierrez was shy at first, furtive; later he appeared to welcome Johnny, becoming eager, pleading, and bright of eye and feature.

Shrewdly, noticing silver-inlaid spurs and bridle bits and the thick, raw silver on saddle cantles, Johnny attempted to turn the old Mexican's mind to the mountains. "You been in this valley a long time, Juan," he would say. "I expect you know where those old Spanish mines are." And: "No, no, señor. Mis borregos. I stay with mis borregos," Juan Gutierrez would answer always evasively, in terms of his sheep. Johnny was patient, talking for hours with Juan and the other humble, half-starved peones. Of all men, he told himself, old herders, the lonely ones, would know a wilderness country in greatest detail. Back-trails—hidden, seldom-used trails—would be open secrets to them. Some day, he thought quietly, he might go out with a herder like Juan Gutierrez. Look around Taos and the mountains. Perhaps, some day, take a trail that would lead him to silver.

But Johnny visited with old Juan Gutierrez once too often. As they sat together one morning beside a Saguache Creek ripple, talking easily and pleasantly, another Mexican emerged from a tent. This Mexican was tall, booted, elegantly dressed, and armed with a shot-quirt and pistol. Striding up to the wrinkled herder, already scarred from many beatings, he raised his quirt and struck savagely, without warning. "Basta! Basta!" he cried.

Juan Gutierrez staggered, losing his balance. "Señor Felipe!" Again the heavy-set rancher struck, lashing straight at the eyes.

Whimpering, his cheeks showing blood, the old herder scuttled away.

The rancher turned upon Johnny. "Tejanol!" he shrieked.

Johnny faced him stonily. "Sure, Texas," he said. "And go to blazes!"

The Mexican took a step forward, holding the shot-quirt over his head. Then abruptly, lowering it, he strode to his tent.

Johnny retreated, white-lipped. Trembling, his eyes hot, he went to his lodge, picked up his rifle and returned to the lane. Across the creek, he saw with surprise, tents were being struck, panniers packed, mounts unhobbled and saddled. The old herder had gone.

Bayou Salade

Mid-September Beyond the junction of the Poncha Pass and Arkansas canyon trails, the Saguache party forded the river close to its head-waters. At an elevation of ten thousand feet, they looked out and down.

This was the Bayou Salade. This was the game country, old hunting-ground of the Utes—high-lonely, beautiful.

Working rapidly in the dusk, the Utes fashioned lean-tos of a semi-per-

manent kind. Ponies were staked, traps were laid out, and the heavy, black, warm buffalo robes were spread.

Ice came with October. The Utes, Johnny discovered, were not good with traps. They were too impatient, too easily discouraged. Of all things they hated most the pre-dawn rolling out, the stumbling, wet scout across the meadows, and the dark, hard, freezing work at the trap-sites.

That month, too, snow fell, transforming the camp into a spirit-place inhabited by huddling, discomfited figures.

The beaverskins piled up. Fifty. Seventy-five. One hundred. The fur was of prime quality. Only late in November, when the first true weather change threatened, did Gitt consent to give up his quest. In temperatures plumbing sub-zero, Tabby, Gitt, Johnny, a medicine man Tewe, and three or four other Utes broke their last camp.

They approached Manitou springs. Riding with caution, for this, Gitt said, was a region sacred not only to Utes but Arapahos, Cheyennes, Comanches, Kiowas, and even to Sioux bands of the northern Plains, they entered a valley.

It was one of the prettiest valleys that he had come into, Johnny told himself.

"How far you say it is from here down to Bent's?" Johnny asked.

Gitt showed abrupt interest. "Near two hundred mile," he said quickly. "What would you do, Johnny, if you was to see Mackey ridin' that roan?"

"I'd kill him," Johnny made the statement quietly. "Only, that ain't goin' to happen. Fraser promised."

"Not even Fraser can buck the army. Now, Tabby and me'll hit on ahead from the Springs. The rest of you better camp somewhere down the Fontaine qui Bouille. We'll pick you up in ten days and hit for Pagosa by the Taos trail."

On the seventeenth day, horsemen were sighted down the Fontaine qui Bouille. Gitt was in the lead. Ice was thick on him. His wind-stung cheeks were flaked; his fingers and nose showed the gray of frost-bite. Behind him Tabby, the pack-ponies, and two other Utes followed in single file.

"We didn't get him, Johnny," Gitt said. "Fraser is dead."

The words struck Johnny full-force, shook him.

"Somebody come to the lodge one night, late, and called Fraser out. Shot him down where he stood."

"What about Mackey?" Johnny asked.

"One mornin' he just packed up and left—dragons, remounts, and all."

"And took my roan with him," said Johnny.

"Yeah. There wasn't nobody to argue."

Pagosa

Crossing the Arkansas and cutting south some forty miles, the pack-party swerved west, entered a snow-drifted pass that kept them below timberline, and came safely into the San Luis through a canyon south of old Blanca.

Pagosa, Johnny found, was an interesting place. The winter progressed, unhurriedly. Johnny had time to visit with Gitt and Tabby, talking about Taos or the old times of the Texas war, and planning the spring campaign for beaver in Bayou Salade and the high



Juan Gutierrez was shy, saintly.

mountain parks still farther north.

One morning early in March, Green Moon of the Utes, Gitt came to Johnny's lodge. Bundled in his buffalo coat, armed, and carrying a pack-sack of meal and meat, he called Johnny out.

"Let's go huntin'," he said. Gitt was enigmatic, and not to be denied.

It was at twilight of the fourth day that Gitt and Johnny came into Taos. Except for a shadowy figure or two, Taos plaza was empty. Gitt crossed it to a hut on the outskirts.

He dismounted and knocked at the hut door. The man who made his appearance was not a Mexican, as Johnny somehow had expected, but an American of huge proportions. Clad in filthy buckskins, his head large even for his height and breadth of frame, he stood half-concealed by the hut wall.

Gitt laughed. "What you know, Block?"

"Tom Gitt!" The door was flung wide. The American rushed to shake hands. "Where did you drop from?"

"Pagosa. Meet my pardner, Johnny Christmas. Johnny—Block Ewing."

The second hand-shake was quick. "Well, what you waitin' on?" Ewing asked. "Come in! Come in!" The three men entered the hut. Ewing called to his thin and olive-faced Mexican wife: "Rustle up some grub, will you, Celestina? Frijoles and meat. Plenty of pepper! These boys have been travelin'!"

In all, Gitt and Johnny spent a week in Taos. While Gitt stayed most of the time with Ewing, sitting snug by the hut-fire, Johnny rode through the old settlement and into the plateau, gorge, and mountain country surrounding it. Johnny promised himself that some day he would return to Taos. But he was glad when Gitt was ready to take the trail to Pagosa.



Felipe Montoya was savage, cruel.

So the seasons moved, slowly, smoothly in the deep Rockies, rolling on from light to darkness and from darkness to the light. Johnny, following Gitt, camping, living solely with the Utes, travailing trails which led from timber stands to tundra heights, cirque lakes, and snow-banked mountain cliffs, was like a partner of the wind.

One spring—it was March, 1839, at the tail-end of a bitter winter—Johnny stared about him hollow-eyed and half-sick with disgust at the thaw-holes, dirty snow, and curling, newly-rotting debris of Pagosa.

Stonily he collected his things. Rifle. Shot-pouch and bullet-mold. A blanket. Knife. Powderhorn. Bridle, hobbles, and Mexican hair-ropes. Equipment for light travel—light travel and fast.

As Johnny left his tepee, trailing bridle reins toward his pony. Gitt saw him. He had hoped that Gitt would be sleeping.

"What's all this, Johnny?" he said. "You goin' somewhere?"

"You betcha I am." Johnny's face

was harsh, his glance queer. "I can't stand it no longer."

"Now ain't the time to quit, boy. It's the real time to work. We're gettin' that stake—and that's what we talked about."

"You take it, Tom. Do what you want with it."

"Where you think you're going, Johnny?"

"South, maybe."

"Taos? I told you, boy—we'll get there. A ranch—freightin', maybe—anything we want. But you won't get it just driftin'. I've told you that, too."

"I don't expect to."

Johnny went south.

Ewing was at the horse camp, ten miles from Taos. He gave a crushing handshake, which Johnny returned. "Manuelo's got a fire goin'. I was just headin' for coffee!"

Johnny put the question uppermost in his mind. "What's all these horses?" he asked. "You trailin' to Bent's?"

"Bent's! South and west. Californy." "Californy!"

"It's a chance, Johnny. It's not only the desert. It's markets, and other things goin' on." Ewing swept his arm toward the camp, where Indian and Mexican riders were mingling. "These men are all right, Johnny," he said. "I can still trust 'em—I think. But I'm lookin' for somebody else. Somebody used to long trailin'. And especially, somebody used to the desert."

Johnny, too, was watching the camp. He was fascinated by the rippling movements of horses, and by the strange equipment. "You mean me," he remarked.

"We'll go west of the del Norte by the Gila. Hit Californy. Then back by the north trail. I know the country. I'll give you keep, furnish your outfit, and give you fifteen per cent of trade profits—cash on the barrel-head, if there is any."

Johnny nodded.

The Taos party went south in mid-April. Week after week, in heightening dust and deepening dryness, Ewing pressed the herd forward. Then, facing furnace winds and sand beneath a mirror-sky, they crossed the final desert to mountains, passed through and rode, in July, down golden valley trails to the land of California.

At El Pueblo de los Angeles, proposed trail's end for Ewing, Johnny pulled in to take a look. By that July most of his impatience and restlessness had subsided. He was sick of riding point and drag with the horse herd, tired out, and frankly willing to stop.

Again, however, change overwhelmed him. But here, a few miles from this California trading-post, familiar things came to their end. Trails unraveled on sand, beyond which there was nothing but noise and a surf-line, a wonderful blueness broken by white, as if, without warning, the horseman had ridden to the brink of the sky.

El Pueblo de los Angeles itself, Johnny found, was lazier than any place that he had ever come into. Quietly he studied the scenes about him. He lingered in cantinas, listening to guitar-and-castanet music and the songs of Spanish women, and occasionally he spoke to a vaquero who had ridden in from the country.

One day Johnny and Ewing rode out of El Pueblo de los Angeles to the west, eventually topping a golden-grass hill overlooking the ocean. There Johnny, stretching prone, his eyes to the blue of sky and water, said:

"Block, I been watchin' this thing. Ever since we left the del Norte. I wonder if you really see what I see in all this. I was talkin' to a sailor feller last night. He told me he's been north. Francisco Bay, the Oregon, clear on up. He said that's the country. God Almighty! Mountains and islands, and these big, cold, salt-water bays, and fishin'. He said they caught hundred-pound salmon right off of the ship. And timber—you never seen anything like the timber. He said there just ain't anything like it."

They rode west, down through the tall California grass to the coast. Crashing Pacific surf was like the crash of American weapons in the Spanish deserts of Texas. Wide-eyed, Johnny wondered when all distance would fade, and when sound and the surging force-waves would meet.

Crossword Puzzle Answer



You can turn this puzzle upside down if you want to. But why spoil your fun by peeking now. Puzzle is on inside back cover of this issue.

Ewing had done well in the California country. His trail-herd had brought a solid profit, which he had invested eventually in goods destined for United States markets. Johnny, too, had made what seemed to be excellent arrangements. With the percentage earned on the long southern ride, and under the shrewd and generous management of Ewing himself, he had acquired mules and goods making up an integral part of the pack-train. Barring trail losses or an unpredictable drop in del Norte prices, he would realize a second considerable sum on his arrival at Taos.

Taos

Days that followed in Taos were days of relaxation for Johnny. Entire mornings and afternoons were whiled away on the plaza. Johnny concentrated upon making the acquaintance of men from different Rocky Mountain regions. Columbia and Snake river trappers, he found, were most talkative. Two had seen Gitt taking beaver up along Madison river, in the vicinity of the Three Tetons. Gitt would be long gone in the north, they predicted; there was no use waiting for Gitt. None had seen a trapper named Epps or a drifter named Weatherby; none knew a white-faced cavalry officer called Mackey.

Taos became for Johnny not home but headquarters, a place which he saw as infrequently, almost, as did Tom Gitt. He took trails westward where he traded for blankets and silver-work. He went south, down the great central trail through Santa Fe to El Paso del Norte, and on, sometimes alone, into the Chihuahu desert.

Later, as another autumn season was fading into the chill grayness of winter, Johnny found himself at a Big Timbers camp on the Arkansas, some miles above Bent's.

An old trapper had seen Tom Gitt. Not on the upper Missouri, the trapper said. In St. Louis in a waterfront tavern. And Gitt had sent a message—a message to Christmas or to a trader named Ewing, at Taos.

It was after this sometime—beyond New Year's, 1846—that a certain incident took place, setting flint-sparks to other incidents in Taos and along the Rio del Norte.

On the evening in question, arrangements for one of the Taos winter fandangoes were completed. Drifting over to the *baile* about nine o'clock, Johnny found the hall bright with candles, the guitar players already strumming away, and the dancers—Mexicans and a few scattered, wary Americans—mixing, so far, good-naturedly. Johnny edged

down the side-lane to a group of older, smiling Mexicans.

The host greeted Johnny courteously but with a certain reserve.

"We are pleased to see you. Will you have wine?"

They stood together for a time in silence, while the wine was being drawn. They were tradesmen or local rancheros, the host especially being prominent in the town.

The music had started again, fast, complicated, full of the wildness and strange, haunting harmonies of the Spanish desert country.

Sometime after ten o'clock, there was an unexpected scraping of feet among the dance spectators, murmurs arose, and a commotion occurred at the room entrance. A senorita of twenty appeared, partially hiding her oval, even-featured countenance behind a black mantilla and an ornate, finely wrought fan. At once the music ceased and the Mexican host, astonished, hurried to greet her.

Johnny was a little excited; his heart was beating fast. She was beautiful. She moved with easy certainty, slowly, with the grace of a horsewoman.

What occurred then did so with such quietness that dancers closest at hand were not disturbed. Acting on impulse alone, Johnny sauntered over to the senorita and, in a manner too direct, addressed her and attempted to engage in conversation. At once the host appeared beside him. No word was spoken. Two other Mexicans appeared. Johnny's arms were pinioned, firmly but unobtrusively, and he was propelled through the door.

The Taos night cleared Johnny's mind. Shaking off his companions, he said in anger:

"Look here, you, what's the idea?"

The host replied flatly: "It would be wise for you to go away, senior. It is late. You should, I think, sleep."

"And if I don't?"

Johnny felt a sting in his back, like a thistle-sting. As he turned, the knife-point went deeper and a pistol-butt struck him. He staggered and was struck again, more squarely, fist-blows rained upon him, and he was kicked. They pushed him then, half-holding him erect, away from the house to a place somewhere along a spring. There still other Mexicans swarmed in at him, and Johnny fought them, raging. He caught a Mexican, cracked skulls, bit through an ear, gouged, smashed his teeth, and hugged him with such power that the man's ribs cracked and he fell away, shrieking. Johnny fought in one spot, taking toll of all who came within reach, until they smothered him, silently, unmercifully, and he sank

down and night blackness closed in. There began for Johnny in that month of February, 1846, a life of almost complete solitude on the frontier. Striking into the del Norte gorge, he hid out, living alone like a raider, waiting . . .

Conquest

Three horsemen, Block Ewing, Tom Gitt, and Johnny Christmas, kept well on the flank of the infantry. Their camps were separate camps. Neither soldier nor mounted officer found welcome at their fires. They would fight, if a time came for that. But they would fight free, and under the command of no man.

On August 19, 1846, the Army of the West was assembled in its ragged condition before the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe. The American general, Kearny, read his proclamation terminating Mexican rule.

It was after this ceremony, toward evening, that Johnny rode his pony down a lane on the south side of the plaza. As he approached a cantina, he saw an American military officer emerge, walk across the open, and mount a black horse. The American, by his insignia a captain of dragoons, was in the uniform of full dress.

Johnny felt the initial shock, then became calm. He followed the captain. When quite certain, Johnny eased the Hawken rifle on his arm and called:

"Mackey!"

The officer turned. After a moment, as he recognized Johnny, he grew deathly pale. His efforts to draw his pistol and fire were awkward, those of a man unnerved.

Johnny shot Mackey between the eyes. He heard a pistol clatter in the lane, saw the black horse—not a roan-jump and race away riderless.

Johnny rode out of Santa Fe to the north. Somehow, Gitt was there behind him. The gaunt frontiersman drew alongside. His eyes were fierce; he was laughing, whirling his rifle in triumph. Together they rode as they had ridden in Texas, past Embudo, up the del Norte, swiftly past Taos. Lobo-like, then, they swerved west. Canyons beyond Abiquiu saw them. Peaks of the Navajos beckoned. Pine timber thinned out the dust and they lost themselves beyond the San Juan, in Uncompahgre, Timpanogos, and from the wilds of Timpanogos north



What Do You Remember?

A Quiz Based on the Contents of This Issue

You Can Write an Essay

It may be that you've been writing essays since you were in the third grade—and getting A's on all of them. It may be that you read Miss McKenzie's message of hope just as you were making up your mind to quit school the day your next essay assignment is due. Whether you're a prodigy or a problem, our faith in the McKenzie course of treatment is great. We think your reactions to the following non-score questions will give you a preview of how much *better* your next essay can be.

Why does Miss McKenzie object to the term *essay*? What purpose is accomplished by substituting the words *try* or *attempt*? What steps in planning and writing a good essay does the author constantly stress? Do you like "Mary's" description of East Washington? Why or why not? At the end of her article the author lists 10 questions for you to ask your friends in order to enlist their help in criticizing your writing. How many can you remember? How much of Miss McKenzie's advice have you conscientiously tried to follow in the past? What points have you overlooked?

Spot Lights

Now the pendulum has swung in the other direction! Here's a set of questions based on *details* that appear in this issue. Fill the blanks with the missing word or words. Each counts 8. Total 40.

1. The hero of the short-short story is constantly referred to as _____.
2. The site of the Lothrop's excavations is a hill with the Indian name _____.
3. For a fencing strip used in tournaments and team meets, the regulation length is _____ feet.
4. In order to make his point, the author of the article on semantics uses the literary device of the _____.
5. Ronnie Winslow has been accused of stealing a _____.

My score _____.

Who Said It?

This one isn't quite as easy as it sounds. On the other hand, any extra brain-beating you do pays dividends. Below you will find five quotations selected from material in this issue. All of them, we believe, are pretty revealing, both of the people who said them and of the selection from which they come. Your job is to identify the speaker, the title of the selection, and the author. Score for a complete question 12, each part 4. Total score (if you don't miss once) 60.

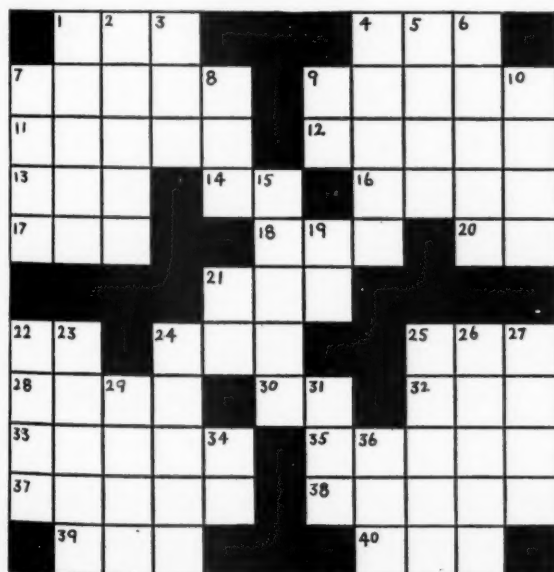
1. "Let's dress it."
2. "An injustice has been done. I am going to set it right, and there is no sacrifice in the world I am not prepared to make in order to do so."
3. "I spit on my blood pressure."
4. "... human society is made up of agreements ... Agreements ... are made of words."
5. "HOW are you señora? HOW are you señor? ... HOW are your children?"

My score _____. Total score _____.

Answers in Teacher Lesson Plan

Just a Means to an "End"!

• There are 48 words in this puzzle, but many of them should be immediately familiar to you. You will find that the words starred with an asterisk (*) all relate to the same subject. See how many of these you can get. Allow yourself two points for each word in the puzzle. If you roll up a grand total of 98 points give yourself two points as a bonus and make it an even hundred. You will find the puzzle answers on page 31, but don't peek.



ACROSS

1. Hail! Farewell!
4. Slow, high passing stroke in tennis.
7. Stone used for striking fire.
9. End or conclusion, usually found at end of book.
11. Musical composition of marked rhythm.
12. Fuse or melt ore in a furnace.
13. Abbrev. for Office of the Housing Expediter.
14. Pages (abbrev.).
16. Poetic for island.
17. Not a liquid or a solid.
- *18. Fragments from a meal; refuse.
20. Sergeant Major (abbrev.).
- *21. The point or end of a thing.
22. Steamship (abbrev.).
24. Two thousand pounds.
25. Mineral spring.
28. German mister.
30. Latin for "you."
32. This goes well with eggs.
33. Homeric work, companion to *The Odyssey*.
- *35. Coup de _____.: the finishing stroke.
- *37. The lowest point, opposite of zenith, the highest point.
38. Offered.
39. Female fowl.
40. Pepys: "And so to _____."

DOWN

1. Hawaiian farewell.
2. "Our _____ have tender grapes"—*The Bible*.
- *3. Conclusion; termination.
- *4. Extreme end or boundary.
5. Individuals.
6. It's Papa who pays these.
7. Web-footed amphibian famous in "The Jumping _____ of Calaveras County."
- *8. Opposite of bottom.
9. Initials of a famous bobby-soxer idol.
10. Stalk of a plant.
- *15. Sharp end of anything.
19. Initials for Republican Party.
21. In the direction of.
22. Between the ankle and the knee.
- *23. Word frequently appearing at the end of the Psalms.
- *24. The rear of a moving object as the _____ of a comet.
25. Daily removal of hair from the face.
26. A runner moving at a set rate of speed is _____.
- *27. So be it, used at the end of a prayer.
29. Journey.
31. *The _____ and I* is the title of a book.
34. Abbrev. for Doctor.
36. Eve was fashioned from this.

Chucklebait



The chances are—though you won't get us to quote the odds—that if you read the contents of any magazine with a degree of concentrated attention you'll find an X number of typographical errors. (That X also stands for our fingers crossed.) We toil to weed them out, of course, but well—you know . . . we're only human, too.

Sometimes we solace ourselves with the thought that some classic misprints have enriched the language and given us words that pass in everyday currency. In the rip-roaring San Francisco of the post-Civil War period, a rough-



neck gang leader called Muldoon made his name a by-word of terror. Newspaper publishers, in a town where revolvers were standard editorial equipment, feared even to put his name in print. A reporter, going quietly mad looking for a word that would denote Muldoon and his bullies, hit on the idea of reversing the letters of Muldoon's name. He called him "Noodlum." The compositor who set the story in type mistook the letter "N" for "H." Next day the word appeared in print as "Hoodlum."

How Slanguage Was Born

Most of us are fascinated by the precision with which Walter Winchell drills colorful new word formations out of those 26 leaden soldiers in the alphabet. But Winchell's way with words had its birth in a mistake. Years ago, in one of his early columns, Winchell had planned to use the word "hors d'oeuvres." The French spelling eluded him at the moment and he inserted its English phonetic equivalent, meaning later to check the spelling. He forgot. The word bounced up in print as "awderves" and slanguage was born.

Robb Sagendorph is the editor of *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, which tells farmers what weather to expect a whole year ahead, when the United States Weather Bureau won't stick out its neck for more than five days in advance. Sagendorph informs us that the Almanac's reputation as a weather prophet is the result of—you guessed it. . . .

It all goes back to July 13, 1816. When the type was set for the July page that year, the printer asked the editor what to put in. Thinking of other things at the moment, the editor replied absentmindedly, "Oh, anything. Any-

thing at all." As a gag, the typesetter inserted "Rain, snow and hail," for the 13th of the month. That's just what it did that day. It rained, it snowed, and it hailed.

Sometimes what appears to be a typographical error is simply a quirk in literary style. In the city of Atlanta, Georgia, residents are *Atlantans* to the *Atlanta Constitution*, but *Atlantians* to the rival *Atlanta Journal*. Incidentally, in the *Sacramento Bee* the California weather can get *warm*, but never *hot*, even when the mercury sneaks up to 114 degrees.

Art for Whose Sake?

Occasionally errors are graphic rather than typographic. Back in 1936 the Museum of Modern Art in New York City had a show of "Cubism and Abstract Art." Most of this art came from abroad and the die-hard customs inspectors set themselves up in business as art critics. They took the stand that Cubist sculptures were just hunks of marble, bronze and wood, and not entitled to enter the country duty-free as art. It took a law-suit to get the pieces



from the customs house to the museum. Good publicity, too. But the museum catalogue of this 1936 show printed reproductions of two of the abstract masterpieces upside down!

Maybe the customs boys were right. About 2,000 years ago, the Greek philosopher Plato wrote that it wasn't possible to enjoy a picture without knowing what it represented.

Nobody Cares—in China

Lin Yutang, the genial author of the delightful new novel *Chinatown Family*, tells us that the Chinese dismiss their errors with beautiful Oriental indifference. He cannot understand why Americans go to such pains to correct so trifling a thing as a typographical error.

In his native China, he informs us, no printer drives himself insane pursuing the mirage of typographic perfection. He just doesn't bother. He prefers to humor the reader by allowing him the sanguine pleasure of spotting the mistake for himself. It creates reader interest.

That would be all right with us, too, we suppose, if this magazine were printed in Chinese.

• Be sure you're on the list. This is the last issue of *Literary Cavalcade* for the first semester. Ask your teacher now to list your name in his next semester's order.